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NOVEMBER
30
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5688



"many mellow sermons
... in quietude & the
aroma of Punchbowle"

From a Midland Vicarage came this letter with its peeps of War and Peace... typical of those friendly commendations received from Barneys Smokers year after year.

"Dear Sirs,

I always read with great interest the copies of letters you receive telling how smokers of your tobacco have discovered tins of their favourite brand in the most unlikely places. For my part I have bought 'Punchbowle' in spots remote from civilisation but never from anywhere more romantic than a NAAFI canteen.

To my mind, however, in these days of shortages, with so many smoking men of discriminating taste about, it is more amazing that my tobacconist can still find me my Saturday Tin, than that 'Punchbowle' has been found in the Arctic or the Tropics.

My parishioners have you to thank for many mellow sermons composed in quietude and the aroma of 'Punchbowle'."

TO YOUNG SMOKERS EVERYWHERE

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barney's—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),
Punchbowle (full), each 4/3½ d. oz.

(298) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

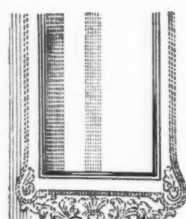
Invite your
friends to choose
their own gifts at

Boots



MEN OR WOMEN, they will welcome the gay Gift Vouchers which can be exchanged at any branch of Boots. Vouchers can be bought for as little as 1/- upwards and the choice includes beauty and toilet preparations, stationery and fancy goods, books, and of course subscriptions to Boots Library.

Call in at any of Boots 1,265 branches and solve your Christmas presents problem in this quick and easy way.



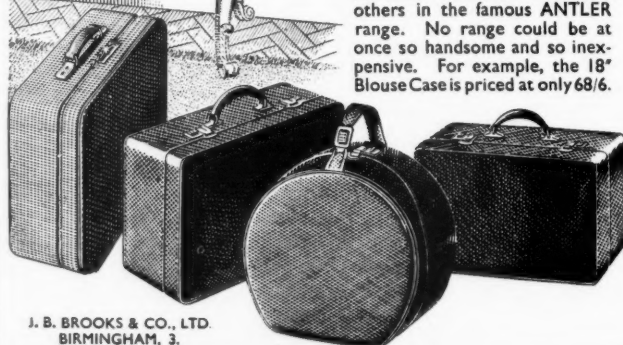
This Christmas
it's a case of
ANTLER for
everybody!



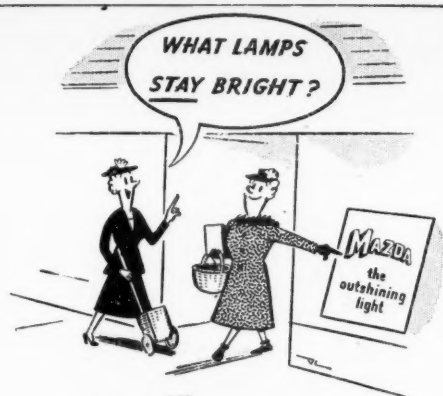
ANTLER

*The most distinguished name
in Travel Goods*

The perfect present—useful, long remembered and flattering because, as everybody knows, the very name ANTLER speaks for superlative workmanship and finish. Ask to see these ANTLER soft-sided cases and others in the famous ANTLER range. No range could be at once so handsome and so inexpensive. For example, the 18" Blouse Case is priced at only 68/6.



J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD.
BIRMINGHAM, 3.



MAZDA

the outshining light

Wherever there's Mazda there's good lighting! Mazda fluorescent lamps and lighting equipment are ideal for every lighting purpose—domestic, industrial, commercial, scientific; while Mazda coiled-coil lamps give up to 20% more light than ordinary tungsten lamps. Ask your local Mazda dealer!



MAZDA LAMPS AND LIGHTING EQUIPMENT



The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

4239



NEWS!

to warm your hearth

The open fire which need never go out

Here is something new — a cheery OPEN fire such as we love best in these Islands, yet so designed that you can light it in the autumn and it will burn all winter long. At night just bank up, coal dust will do, turn down the control, and your 'AB' will burn slowly until the morning—a gloriously warm room to come down

to, and no messy fire-laying and lighting; then open the air control and add more fuel — you'll have leaping flames within ten minutes. No chilly house for you this winter. From £4-5-3.

Please write for leaflet with details of colours, and name of nearest distributor.

AB FIRE

FEDERATED SALES LTD., (Dept AD), 60, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1

From now on, even I can do the washing



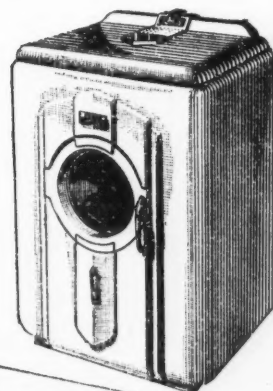
**AUTOMATICALLY
FILLS ITSELF
WITH WATER**

**WASHES 9 lb. CLOTHES
RINES THEM 3 TIMES
SPINS THEM DAMP-DRY
CLEANS and DRAINS ITSELF
SWITCHES ITSELF OFF**

**4 WASHES FOR
ONE UNIT OF ELECTRICITY**



*Hire Purchase
Terms to suit
every pocket*



BENDIX Automatic Washer

Write for leaflet and address of your nearest BENDIX dealer

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES LTD. (DEPT. E), ALBION WORKS, KINGSBURY ROAD, BIRMINGHAM, 24

a book about furnishing fabrics



OLD BLEACH CARPETS—fine quality Wilton in an exceptionally lovely range of colours are now to be found at the best stores.

You can get many charming ideas for interior decoration from the new Old Bleach book "At Your Service". It contains pictures, many in colour, of these well-known Irish fabrics as they are used in up-to-date homes; it also gives you a clear impression of the beauty and variety of Old Bleach furnishings in linen, wool, cotton and rayon—all fast to light and washing. Send a post card for it to the address below.

Old Bleach

FURNISHINGS LIMITED

Dept F.5. Randalstown, Northern Ireland

Marshall & Snelgrove LONDON MANCHESTER BIRMINGHAM SOUTHPORT HARROGATE
LEICESTER LEEDS YORK SCARBOROUGH SHEFFIELD BRADFORD

"IT'S ALRIGHT! — I've bought EVERYTHING from MARSHALL & SNELGROVE"

-Christmas Presents-

Write for
illustrated catalogue
of

Scarves
by

Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street London. W.1.

PRESENTS
for
PARTICULAR
PEOPLE



HEAL'S

please write for catalogue to:
196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W.1.



The art of *gracious giving*
is best expressed in a

Waldybag

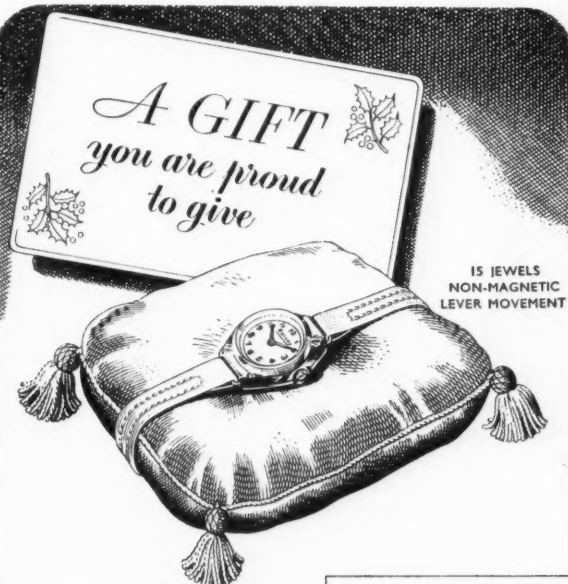


the handbag to which every woman aspires



Waldybags are to be found at good stores everywhere—from about 5 gns.

H. WALD & COMPANY LTD., 17 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1



This smart little ladies' watch is a Christmas addition to the Rotary range. The 15 Jewel Rotary Lever movement is specially shaped to give this watch its outstanding feature—a clear round face designed for easy reading. Like all Rotary Models, this watch is fitted with a fully-jewelled lever escapement ensuring long service and accurate time-keeping. Truly a gift you are proud to give. We regret that supplies are limited.

ACCURACY AND DISTINCTION AT A REASONABLE PRICE

ROTARY



WATCHES

Ask your jeweller for ROTARY—by name

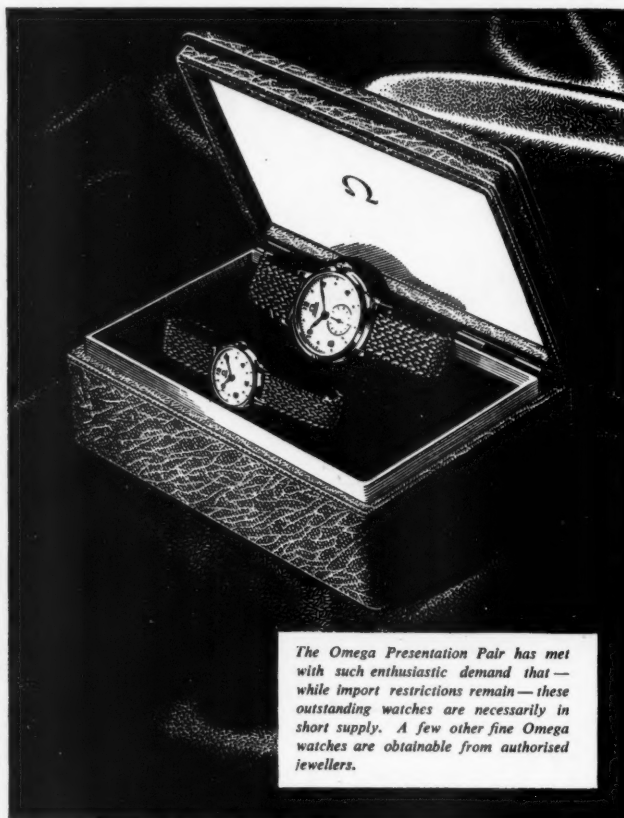
PALLADIUM

Gold, platinum. . . and palladium—three precious metals for fine jewellery. Palladium, rarer than gold and having the whiteness characteristic of platinum, is lighter and less costly than either. Ask your jeweller about Palladium for modern settings.

In this exquisite piece of jewellery, which was exhibited at the British Industries Fair, sapphires and diamonds combine with Palladium in a superb and fascinating effect.

Z9a

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION
The Mond Nickel Company Limited
Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, W.1



The Omega Presentation Pair has met with such enthusiastic demand that—while import restrictions remain—these outstanding watches are necessarily in short supply. A few other fine Omega watches are obtainable from authorised jewellers.

The perfect Wedding Gift

Here is something so much more than just a wedding present; here is a valuable personal gift that both will cherish for a life-time. He will marvel at the thinness and accuracy of his self-winding Omega Automatic. She will delight in wearing a gold watch and bracelet that will be a constant, graceful reminder of her happy wedding day. These elegantly matched gold watches are exquisite examples of Omega's skill which is born of 100 years' experience in the manufacture of fine timepieces. Awarded the world's highest timing certificate (Kew-Teddington Observatory), called upon to time the last three Olympic Games, Omega present in this gold "Duet" their latest creation in the science of watchmaking.

Ω
OMEGA

The Omega Watch Co. (England) Ltd., 26/30 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, will send illustrated brochure and list of Omega appointed jewellers on request.



Before the advent of Blansheets, sheets could be called 'icy' or 'shivery' — never cosy without benefit of hot water bottles. Now, as you nestle down between the Blansheets on a freezing winter's night, warm from the toes up the moment you get into bed, you know the true

meaning of cosiness. Yet Blansheets' soft luxurious texture can't tickle the most sensitive skins — they're cotton throughout: and, of course, they wash and boil easily. Write for the Blansheet book 'Warm Welcome' sent free from the Vantona Household Advice Bureau (Dept 26B).

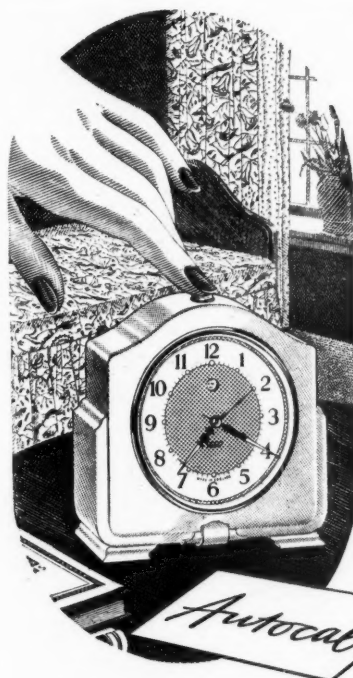


Vantona Blansheets

GIVE YOU A WARM WELCOME

In white or pastel shades of blue, green, rose or gold From 8/- (30" x 40") to 51/11d. (90" x 106") each, according to size

Vantona Textiles Ltd., 107 Portland Street, Manchester 1



It never forgets to
**RESET
ITSELF**

The world's finest Alarm! Fully automatic; no winding of clock or alarm mechanism! When knob on top of case is depressed to stop alarm, it rises again on release automatically resetting alarm for the following morning. To cut out alarm you press knob and twist slightly. Available in charming pastel shades at Smiths recognised Stockists everywhere.

AUTOCAL (luminous) 69/6 incl. P.T.
AUTOLARM (non-luminous) 59/6 incl. P.T.

SMITHS 'SECTRIC'

Fully Automatic ALARMS

★ If you do not enjoy the advantages of A.C. Mains, be sure to get a Smiths Handwound Alarm from the beautiful range available.

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd

24-hour warmth you can afford



ESSE

Banish the cold discomforts of the winter. A modern ESSE Heating Stove gives continuous, day and night warmth with outstanding fuel economy. Closed

fire models burn coke or other smokeless fuels . . . and for those who prefer an openable fire there is the new 400 B.J. Esse, or the Esse-Dura, suitable for ordinary coal or any solid fuel. With shaking bottom bars and fitted ashpan, ash removal is quick and clean. Write for free catalogue.

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Head Office: Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
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And Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow



She'll come out all right—
she knows about 'TEBILIZED'

She has no cause to worry — her dress was made in a fabric marked 'TEBILIZED.' No matter if it does get crushed, every fabric carrying this mark will resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.



EVERY FABRIC MARKED

TEBILIZED

HAS TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

FOR A PERFECTLY BALANCED
DRINK



Clayton's

IS THE NAME
TO BEAR
IN MIND



CLAYTON'S
ORANGE SQUASH

Makes a good gin
taste better

Q15P



MONK & GLASS

is jolly good custard



JOHN HINDHAUGH
— MILLER —

About STONEGROUND WHOLEMEAL Bread.

Home-bakers in the South Country and the Manchester area can now obtain the real old-fashioned STONEGROUND WHOLEMEAL, in 3 & 6 lb. Bags, from HARRODS Ltd London SW1 and John Williams & Sons Ltd., 400 Dickinson Road, Longsight, Manchester, 13.

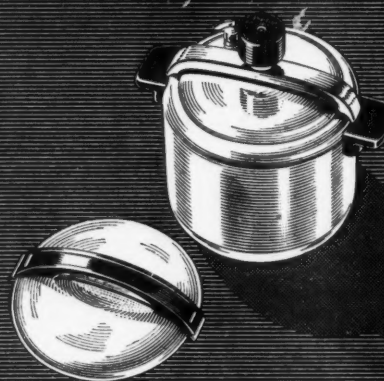
Since 1805, when John Hindhaugh of Newcastle upon Tyne first packed his Stoneground Wholemeal, this famous product has been making the best Brown Bread for Northern homes... the "nutty" nutritious loaf which Dieticians and the Radio Doctor so much commend.

HINDHAUGHS
Stone Ground WHOLEMEAL

(LH) (P.3)

HINDHAUGHS LTD, 38 CLOTH MARKET,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 1

Make this a 'Prestige'
Christmas...give



Prestige pressure cookers

From all good Stores and Ironmongers



"Why look, my dear, how very queer!
Can Farrow's men have dropped it — the
gang that comes to can our plums?
They've picked the best and
hopped it!" "My love, how kind,
they've left behind a present;
don't refuse it. It's rather cute, it
opens fruit; you'd better learn to use it!"



FARROW'S for choice

Canned English Fruits and Vegetables, Salad Cream, Tomato Ketchup and other good things from Orchard and Garden

Growing up — to beauty

Healthy *even* growth is the secret of untroubled adolescence in young girls — *even* nourishment of bones and teeth, of rounded body and silky skin make the lovely flowering of sweet seventeen. SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil taken throughout makes sure that at the critical time the child will not outgrow her strength. For this sea-fresh food contains all the extra values — in fats, calories and vitamins, in right proportions and in natural abundance.



SevenSeaS SEA-FRESH FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists, oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9

Adastra

SUEDE
JACKETS



What a lovely
Christmas Present!

London
made by



ADASTRA (Glenny & Hartley) LIMITED

Put a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup — add near-boiling water. *Grand* coffee. Roaster-fresh fragrance and flavour every time! Whether you add milk and sugar to taste or serve it black, you'll agree it's the coffee for you.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

REPLACE THE LID
NESCAFÉ
FIRMLY AFTER USE

NESCAFÉ
NESTLÉ'S
SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT

49 C

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

Christmas Book List



Give good books and you will make, and keep, good friends. Grown-ups will find in Hatchards—The World's Finest Bookshop—a comprehensive range of new and second-hand books. Children will find a lovely Book-Room of their own. Call, write or 'phone for List.

Hatchards

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Booksellers to Their Majesties The King,
The Queen and to Queen Mary



By Appointment to
H.M. The King
Silversmiths & Jewellers

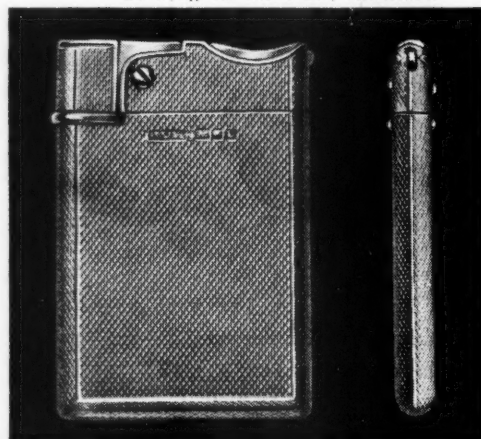
Asprey

WRITE FOR CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

ASPREY & CO. LTD., 165/169 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
and 62/64, The Promenade, Cheltenham.

Suggestions for Christmas Presents

Lady's 9ct. gold watch, by Longines	£38. 0. 0
Gentleman's steel automatic winding watch, waterproof and dust-proof, by Jaeger Le Coultre	£18. 7. 0
9ct. gold cigar piercer	£4. 0. 0
9ct. gold champagne whisk	£6. 5. 0
9ct. gold trumpet shape cigarette holder	£10. 5. 0
9ct. gold set of buttons, links and studs	£20. 0. 0
9ct. gold snake pattern earrings per pr.	£11. 0. 0
9ct. gold charms from	£1. 7. 6
Ladies' handbags from	£6. 18. 6
Set of 8 table mats with sporting scenes from	£5. 10. 0
Pigskin toilet case lined oil silk	£5. 8. 6
Pigskin wallets with silver-gilt corners from	£4. 18. 6
Light hide brief case, 2 pockets	£6. 7. 6
Set of poker chips in wood and chromium holder	£10. 17. 6
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9ct. gold	£7. 12. 6
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"Wafer" Cigarette Lighter

A cigarette lighter as slim as a dress watch, and with a first-time automatic action.

A precision-made engineering achievement, produced with Asprey's superb craftsmanship in gold or silver.

In hall-marked engine-turned silver . . . £9. 17. 6
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20,000 WOMEN
have chosen the Sylentflo
For complete freedom from
radio or T/V interference . . .
For its smooth silent running
and its double-life bearings . . .
For its beautifully made case
in ivory or walnut finish . . .
An ideal Christmas gift.

WALNUT £55.8
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From electrical dealers & supply companies, stores, or direct from
FRACTIONAL H.P. MOTORS LTD
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Britain's Tradition . . . QUALITY



With their natural flair
for quality, more and more
women are appreciating
the outstanding quality
of this famous cigarette.

WILL'S

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES



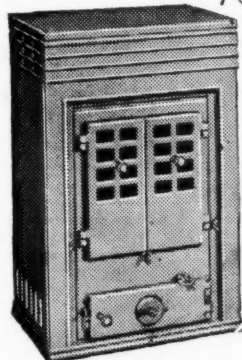
Mrs. P. Dee—the Family Favourite

PEARCE DUFF'S

CUSTARD AND JELLIES

CUSTARD POWDER • JELLIES • BAKING POWDER • BLANCMANGE POWDER

THE Flat THAT'S ALWAYS *Cosy!*



COZY Stoves keep alight the whole 24 hours with but little attention and using coke or ordinary kitchen nuts. You close the firedoors during the night or in the daytime when you are out, opening them when required soon to be greeted with the cheerful glow of an open fire.

COZY STOVES

for a warm welcome

Please ask your Ironmonger or builders' merchant for catalogue or write to—

THE COZY STOVE CO. LTD., 26 Nassau Street, London, W.1

Keeping the human touch

WHEN manufacturing organisations become very large, there is sometimes a tendency to think of the factory as a gigantic machine, and the men and women who work there as merely cogs to keep the machine running.

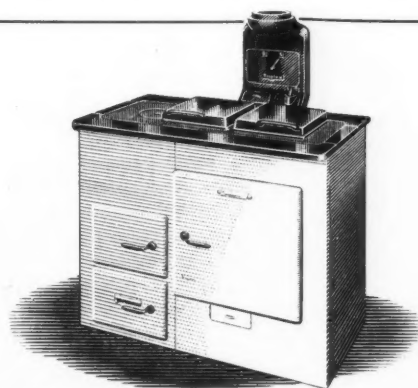
Such an attitude of mind is completely alien to the spirit of Hoover Limited. The men and women in the Hoover organisation are members of a team and they are treated as such. Every care is taken to ensure the finest working conditions, and to provide as many extra amenities as possible — sports clubs, social clubs, dramatic societies, day continuation classes, and so on — to enable employees, whatever their tastes, to live a richer, fuller life.

With Hoover Limited, Keeping the Human Touch is not merely an idealistic phrase; it is part of the Company's tradition.

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*"Home Comfort
Radiates from the
Kitchen"*

Here is the unfailing source of deliciously cooked meals and a bountiful supply of hot water. The housewife has a reliable ally and a constant friend in the TRIPLEX MODEL "V" COOKER.

The Triplex is a combination of continuous burning, heavily insulated cooker and high pressure boiler. Economically fed, it consumes less than 36 lbs. of fuel a day.

- Designed with every modern feature and produced of the highest grade materials.
- Finished in superb Cream and Black Porcelain Enamel.
- Spacious cooking oven and quick-boiling hotplates.

BOILER SUPPLIES 150 GALLONS OF HOT WATER A DAY

Triplex "V" COOKER

Please write for illustrated list and full details of recommended fuels to:—

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★ Our famous Triplex open fire grates are still available



A "VINTAGE" CIGAR

We have not hurried the advent of Royal Jamaica Cigars. We preferred to wait until we had accumulated a reserve of *matured* leaf. The best leaf, rolled by the most experienced makers, and cabinet boxes of seasoned cedar-wood, are worth waiting for.

Issued by The Jamaica Tobacco Co., Kingston, Jamaica

ROYAL JAMAICA *Cigars*



**THE IDEAL
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT**

*A New
Silk
Tie*

Cut from
the square
25/-

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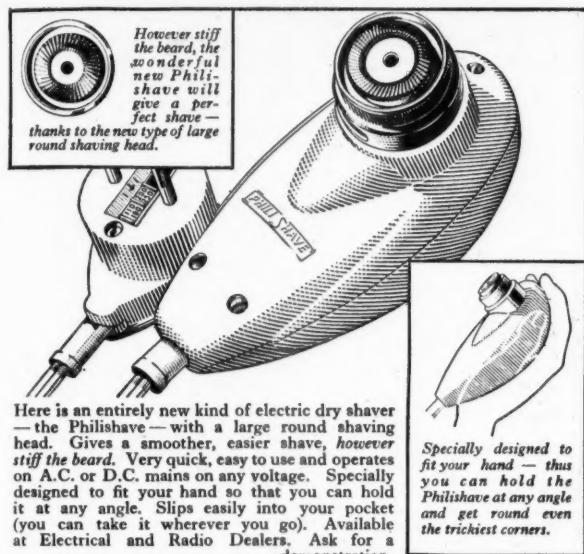
**The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
LOTUS Veldtschoen**



BOOTS - 115/-

SHOES - 105/-

Entirely NEW



However stiff the beard, the wonderful new Philishave will give a perfect shave — thanks to the new type of large round shaving head.

Here is an entirely new kind of electric dry shaver — the Philishave — with a large round shaving head. Gives a smoother, easier shave, however stiff the beard. Very quick, easy to use and operates on A.C. or D.C. mains on any voltage. Specially designed to fit your hand so that you can hold it at any angle. Slips easily into your pocket (you can take it wherever you go). Available at Electrical and Radio Dealers. Ask for a demonstration.

Specially designed to fit your hand — thus you can hold the Philishave at any angle and get round even the trickiest corners.



The wonderful new
PHILIPS

PHILISHAVE

ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

For full details of the Philishave please write:

"PHILISHAVE", CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W.C.2 (P35298)

PRICE
£4.15.0
(plus P.T.
£1.0.7)

Every dinghy

a motor dinghy



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The inshore fisherman who tends his crab pots and spins for mackerel; the fly fisherman and the man who trolls for pike; the longshoreman with his bumboat and the yachtsman with his pram-dinghy — all bless their Seagulls

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"The best Outboard Motor in the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL COMPANY, LTD., POOLE, DORSET, ENGLAND
Telephone: Poole 818 Telegrams: Seagull, Poole

Every power station has its batteries.

That will always be so, no matter what future source of energy may generate the main supply. For switchgear operation, emergency lighting, fire-fighting equipment and other auxiliary services, batteries are essential: for only in a battery can electrical power be stored against an emergency.

In power stations all over the world batteries made by The Chloride Electrical Storage Company are at work or are being installed. Over 50 years' experience of battery design and manufacture goes into every Chloride, Exide or Exide-Ironclad battery. They are batteries men have learnt to trust.

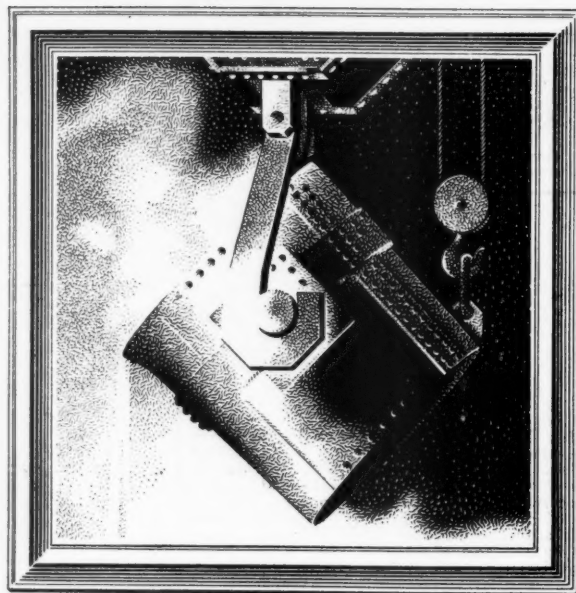
THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED
Exide Works, Clifton Junction
near Manchester



MEMO

TO: Managing Director
FROM: Chief Engineer

Have today visited Newton, Chambers of Sheffield. They can supply their $\frac{3}{4}$ yard N.C.K. Heavy Duty Excavators, as quoted, with guaranteed delivery within one month from date of order. Digging and loading capacity 120 tons per hour. In view of machine's outstanding quality and exceptional delivery, I recommend Board sanctions immediate order.



WHY

is the steel industry
giving us
record output NOW?

Because steel to-day is an enterprising, efficient industry. Energy, initiative, and skill are recognized and encouraged wherever they are found — in mill-hand, melter, or manager.

The result is that annual output is over 15 million tons — 2 million tons more than the pre-war record in 1939. Costs are being kept down and the increase in our exports since the war has been almost entirely in steel and goods made from steel.

This great industry is unique in already combining Government supervision with the great advantages of free enterprise working in the best interests of Britain.

STEEL

is serving you well

Hockey sticks...
Helmets...
and BEETLE★



Chessmen are moulded, fishing rods are laminated with Beetle. Beetle laminates skis and ice-hockey sticks for winter sports; tennis-rackets and sculls for summer. Beetle adds strength. Crash helmets and hunting-caps have bodies of moulded pulp, Beetle bonded. Beetle adds colour to chess and tiddlywinks, draughts and dominoes. Manufacturers who want to score on strength, colour and finish should consult us. Our Research and Technical Service Departments are always ready to help.

★ BEETLE resins are binding and coating agents. They are used in making Beetle moulding powders; combined with hardeners they form adhesives for wood. Beetle resins are used in the paper and textile industries, in the paint trade, and in foundries for binding sand cores.

BEETLE MOULDING POWDERS · ADHESIVES · INDUSTRIAL RESINS
BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD., 1 ARGVLL STREET, LONDON, W1



'Beetle' is a trade mark registered in Great Britain and in most countries of the world



CABLE
YOUR GREETINGS
- it costs so little

5/-

Five shillings sends a thirteen-word greeting (including the prefix—GLT and the address) to any part of the Commonwealth—to some parts it costs even less.

CABLE AND WIRELESS LIMITED
Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

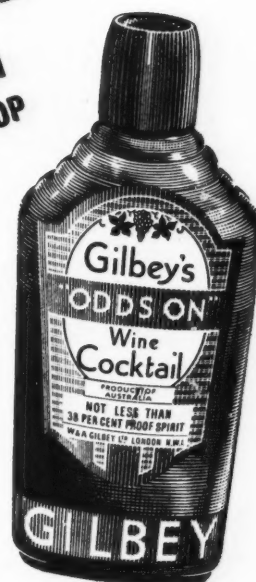
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NEW
YOU CAN DRINK FROM
THIS LIQUEUR-CUP TOP

"Odds On" your favourite Cocktail in its new half-bottle flask with the liqueur-cup top. Carry it in your pocket.

8'9

per half-bottle flask



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S



DRIWAY
REGD
WEATHERCOATS

*...perhaps
the finest
made*

*Drivay Weathercoats and Sportswear
are stocked by leading stores and
outfitters throughout the country.*



Cox
TUBULAR STEEL
NESTING CHAIRS
FOR PERFECT

harmony

IN ALL
SURROUNDINGS

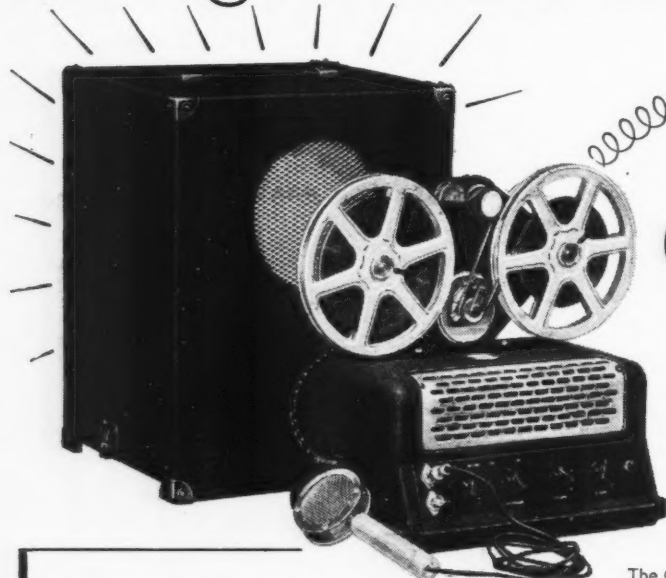
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the Hotel—restaurant or café, school,
canteen, cinema or
concert hall, and
equally at home in
the village hall,
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Prevention of Damage by Pests
Act, 1949
12 & 13 GEO. 6. CH. 55

Prevention of Damage by Pests Act, 1949

ARRANGEMENT OF SECTIONS.

PART I.

RATS AND MICE.

- Section
1. Local authorities for the purposes of Part I.
 2. Duties of local authorities.
 3. Obligation of occupiers of land to notify local authority of rats and mice.
 4. Power of local authority to require action.
 5. Remedies for failure to comply with notice under s. 4.
 6. Additional powers of local authorities in relation to groups of premises.
 7. Recovery of expenses under s. 5 or s. 6.
 8. Provisions as to threshing and dismantling of ricks.
 9. Power of local authority to require information as to interests in land.
 10. Authentication of documents, service of notices, etc.
 11. Exchequer grants to local authorities.
 12. Powers of Minister with respect to functions of local authorities.

PART II.

INFESTATION OF FOOD.

13. Obligation of certain undertakers to give notice of occurrence of infestation.
14. Power of Minister to give directions to certain undertakers for preventing or mitigating infestation.
15. Appeal against directions under s. 14.
16. Powers of Minister in case of failure to comply with directions.
17. Offences against Part II.
18. Power of Minister to delegate to local authorities.

A

The Prevention of Damage by Pests Act (1949), which comes into force on March 31st, 1950, makes it the responsibility of individual occupiers and management to clear premises infested by rats, mice and insect pests, or report their presence to their Local Authority—but it will still remain the duty of the owner or occupier to clear his premises.

It is in your own interests to ACT NOW by ensuring that your premises have been cleared by the time this Act comes into operation.

The Ratin Service is the largest commercial organisation of its kind in the country. The employment by the Ratin Service of the latest scientific methods means that the natural cunning and suspicions of rats and mice are defeated, thus whole colonies are wiped out.

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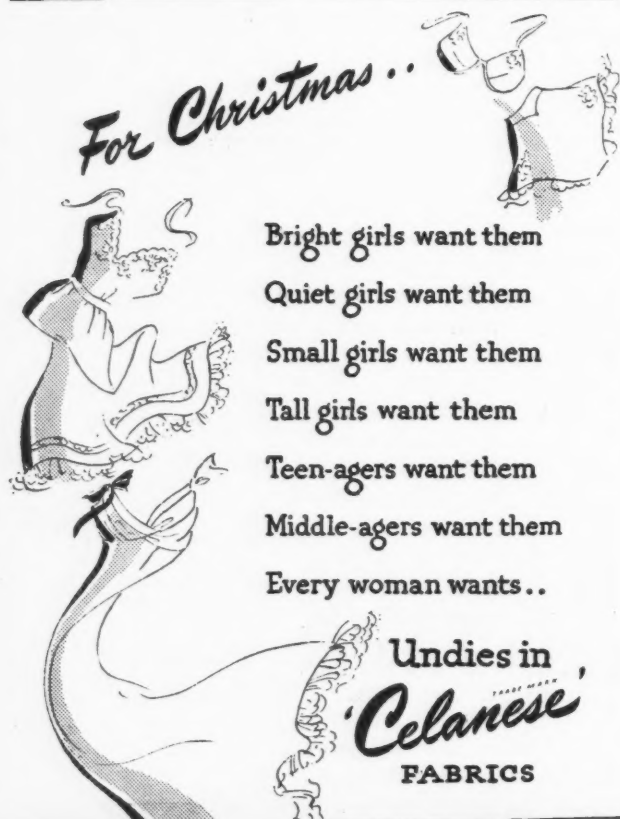
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Quiet girls want them
Small girls want them
Tall girls want them
Teen-agers want them
Middle-agers want them
Every woman wants...

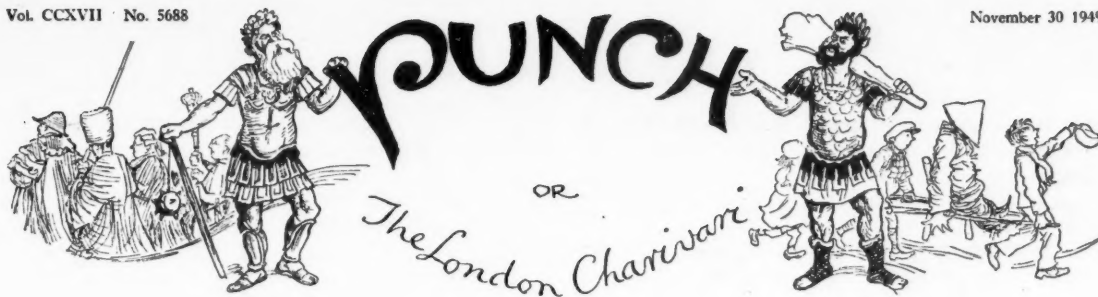
Undies in
'Celanese'
FABRICS

Feeling tired..

You've had
something worth
drinking when
you've had a GUINNESS



G.E.1510.R



CHARIVARIA

COLLECTIONS in cinemas should not be allowed, says a trade paper. There is, of course, nothing to stop patrons leaving a little something at the box-office, to relieve distress among high film executives.

"Miss — sang beautifully the Serenade from 'The Student Prince,' 'The Old Refrain,' and 'My Heart and I.' She concluded with, 'If my songs were only wind' and 'I'll see you again.'"—*Kentish Times*

Well, perhaps.



A railway traveller complains that when he dashed into a station buffet for a quick cup of tea, he found it much too hot to drink. One wonders what the manageress said when she found she had the one meant for him.

"In 1783 Hunter began building his museum in Leicester Square, and in that year, too, he set his servant, Howison, to shadow the Irish Giant, Charles Byrne. Byrne was born in 1861."—*Strand Magazine*

So Howison was able to sit down and put his feet up.

It is complained that crossword puzzles in the newspapers are becoming too difficult. Though railway passengers admit they are being given more time to solve them.

A feature of the 1951 Exhibition will be the rendering of British music in the concert hall. The Festival of Britten, however, will still be held at Aldeburgh.

It took only three minutes to conclude a duel between two French military students—and, of course, a couple of seconds.

"—, Ltd., Briggate, Leeds, require Manageress for Café-Restaurant; used to control of staff.—Apply giving fullest details of responsibilities in previous posts held, length of service and number of meals served daily to Managing Director." *Advt. in "Yorkshire Post"*

Is there no end to this snooping?

It is claimed that you can always tell the retired military man by the way he carries his rolled umbrella. If he throws it into the air every few yards you can even bet he is a retired drum major.



A Swedish astrologer thinks the world will end in about two thousand years, probably on a Saturday. And even more probably the Saturday we get our pools right.

Wallop!

"RUGBY'S 'QUEEN OF COMMERCE'
TO BE CROWNED BY LOCAL BOXER"
"Rugby Advertiser"

"Ninety Stations In Big Jam," says a radio feature headline. It's the kind of jam in which you can't even find the six pips.

More bulldozers are being sent to Tanganyika. They are for clearing land to make it suitable for the ploughing back of losses into the groundnuts scheme.



NOT SO THE MACKEREL

NEWS continues to pour into this office from every quarter of the globe. From the Colonial Office Information Department comes a story of North Borneo's "Flying" Snake. I give it in full.

A snake which "flew" 250 feet is reported from North Borneo by J. A. Tubb, Director of Fisheries, who witnessed the "flight" and who records it in the latest edition of the Journal of the Sarawak Museum, which has just reached London.

The flight was seen while he was travelling in a jeep from the Government Hospital to Sandakan Township, North Borneo. The snake had launched itself from a 40-foot tree growing beside the road, and flew to a similar tree 250 feet away.

The snake, says the report, "was descending at an angle of 40° and was wriggling leisurely, as though swimming quietly on the placid surface of the lake."

The snake was about three feet long.

Government Information Departments are too frequently attacked for wasting time, paper and public money. Such is the thoughtless fashion of the day. Even the story I have quoted may be adduced by the unthinking as evidence of the kind of miserable twaddle disseminated by Press officers in search of an excuse for their existence. Smart Alecs, plying protractor and slide-rule, will point out that even a three-foot snake, starting at a height of forty feet above ground and descending at an angle of forty degrees with the horizontal, will, by the time it has travelled two hundred and fifty feet from its point of origin, inevitably find itself wriggling leisurely some hundred and seventy feet below ground. Similar trees, the critics will add, are not found at that depth, except possibly in a carboniferous state.

This typically shallow argument takes no account of the geography of North Borneo. If the reader, in his turn, will take pencil and paper (the back of the Colonial Office hand-out will do), together with a table of tangents, and will approach the problem in a spirit of inquiry rather than of criticism, he will soon see that the forty-foot tree is growing at the apex of a right-angled triangle with a base of two hundred and fifty feet, a perpendicular of two hundred and ten feet and a splendid three-hundred-and-twenty-six-foot

hypotenuse. At the lower end of the hypotenuse let a similar tree be constructed. There should be no difficulty about this; it is in fact, as we are told, already there. The completed diagram makes everything clear. The forty-foot tree grows at the top of a slope. Below it the hillside falls sharply—until the eye is arrested by a second tree, perhaps a mohor or a quarter-grown kaladang, a good three hundred and twenty-six feet down the slope. The snake, in moving from the first tree to another not unlike it, simply followed, as snakes will, the profile of the ground, but for some reason kept, in this instance, about forty feet above it.

Now perhaps we begin to divine the true purpose of the Colonial Office's disclosure. Here, wrapped up in palatable shape, are some hard facts about one of our little-known colonies—facts that, more directly presented, we might easily have put away unread. Already a picture begins to emerge. Let us see what we are now in a position to put down concerning the physiography, flora, fauna, communications and social and cultural activities of the island.

The road from the Government Hospital to Sandakan, now open to motor traffic, runs through well-wooded country—either along the top of a ridge or on a ledge hewn out, by a remarkable feat of engineering, from the side of a precipitous mountain. The trees hereabouts average some forty feet in height, forming a belt at least one hundred and eight yards wide on the mountainside below the Sandakan Road. Despite their moderate height, these trees are of substantial spread, their branches (to take an instance at random) being stout enough to afford lodgment to snakes up to as much as three feet in length. Flying snakes, it may here be interposed, are sufficiently rare in these parts to cause remark.

The Director of Fisheries is, of course, Mr. J. A. Tubb. His many friends will be glad to know that the popular Director was recently able to leave the Government Hospital *en route* for Sandakan, where he was last seen busily at work on a scientific report.

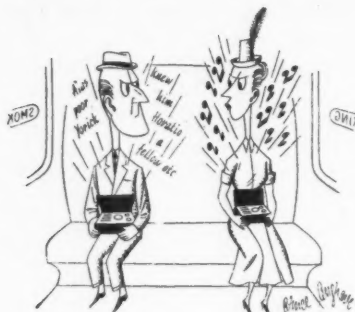
Rumours that the Sarawak Museum has just reached London can now be officially denied. It is the *Journal* of that institution that has recently arrived. The Museum itself is not expected much before the South Bank Exhibition is due to open.

Late News.—Borneo's only lake has, according to a well-known local authority, a placid surface. This disposes of possible earlier reports that it is constantly ruffled by snakes.

I have gone out of my way to defend the Colonial Office Information Department against the charge of disseminating twaddle. It has been, perhaps, a work of supererogation. The responsible Minister can, by all the omens, be relied upon to protect them, without help from me.

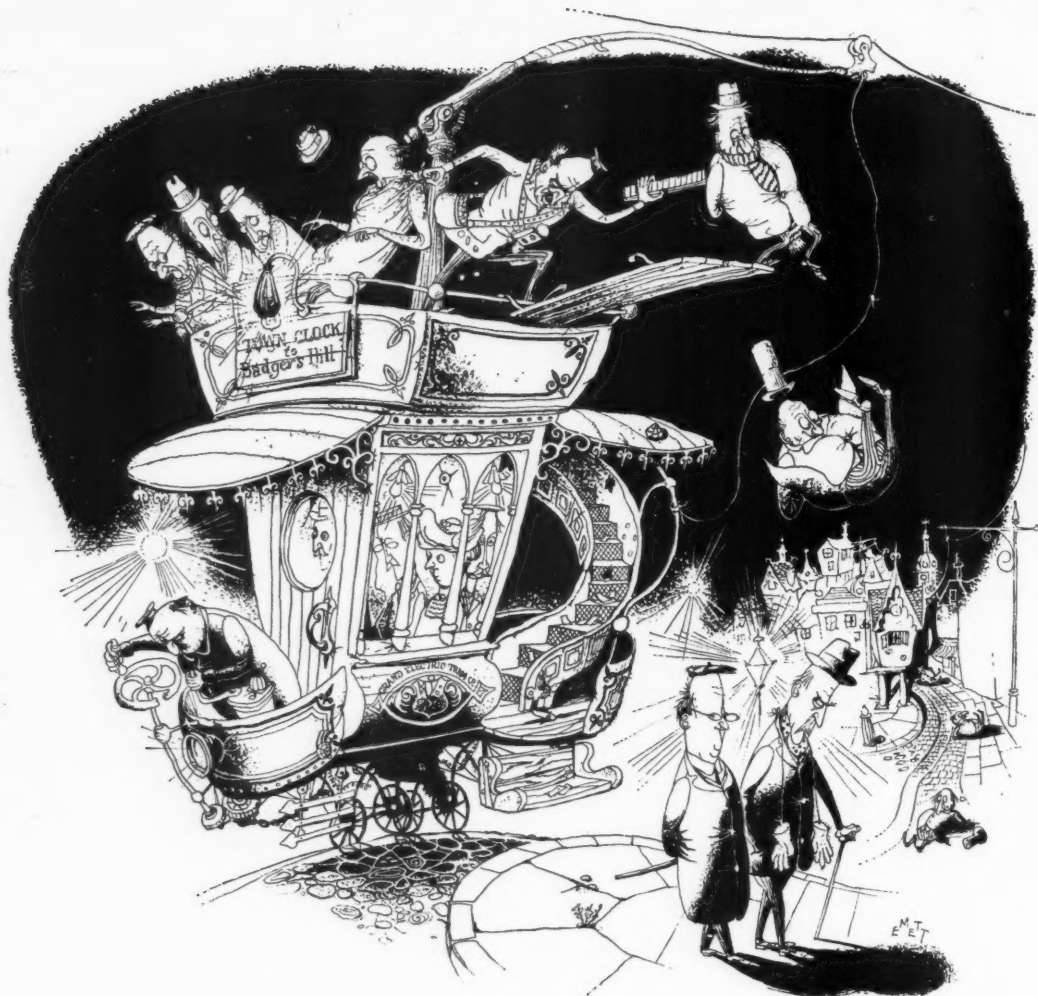
The address of the Department, I now see, is "Sanctuary Buildings."

H. F. ELLIS





MEMBER FOR WOODFORD



"Load-shedding again, I see. . . ."

COBBOD CODE

"I CAN'T understand," said Sympson, sitting on the end of my bed and nibbling my grapes in a pseudo-absentminded sort of way, "how you manage to catch the things."

"Id's quide sibble," I said. "Very liddle skill is required to cadge the cobbod code."

"Personally," said Sympson reprovingly, "I think it shows a distinct lack of patriotism to be laid up with a cold at a time when poor old Cripps is shrieking for full production by everybody to close the dollar gap. It is perfectly true that the sort of stuff you produce isn't of

any great value, but really useful workers, hearing that you are lying here in luxurious idleness, are liable to follow suit."

He finished the grapes and left, promising to come back next day. I begged him not to bother, but he turned up just the same.

"That makes three days you have been in bed," he said, sticking a lump of sugar in one of my oranges and making disagreeable sucking noises. "Do you realize that, if there are twenty million workers in this country and they each take three days in bed every year with a common cold, the country loses four

hundred and eighty million man-hours of work? How do you suppose we are ever going to get the country back on its feet again if you calmly lie there wasting four hundred and eighty million man-hours of work?"

"I hadn't thord of id like thad," I admitted. "Next dime I fide byself gatchig a cobbod code I will thig of Gribbs ad refraid."

He threw the remains of the orange into the fire and took his leave, saying that he would look in again next day. I told him that I should be sorry if he caught my cold, but he said he never had colds.

Next day I apologized because there were only some rather hard pears, but he said his teeth were good, so it didn't matter. Distributing long curly rings of peel all over my bed he said that so far I had wasted six hundred and forty million man-hours of time.

"And if you look at it in terms of dollars," he said, "it sounds even worse. Say, for the sake of argument, though in your own case of course it isn't true, that the average worker earns three shillings an hour, it means that by lying in bed four days you have frittered away a cool ninety-six million pounds, or no less than two hundred and sixty-eight million eight hundred thousand dollars."

"Id bakes be feel quide rij," I said.

"It isn't a thing to be facetious about," he said sternly. "When the nation goes bust you'll think of those two hundred and sixty-eight million, eight hundred thousand dollars you threw down the drain by pigging it in bed for four days owing to your carelessness in catching cold, and I hope you'll have the grace to be ashamed of yourself."

Next day I had grapes again, and I thought he would be pleased, but he just squelched a couple in an uninterested sort of way.

"Don't tell me," I said, "I've worked it out myself this time, to save you the trouble. By being in bed five days I have wasted eight hundred million man-hours of work, thus throwing away one hundred and twenty million pounds or three hundred and thirty-six million dollars. But I feel much better to-day, so the dollar drain is nearly at an end."

"Eved so," said Sympson, "you ord do be ashaded of yourself. Thig of the graves you could have bought be durig the nexd fordnide with three hundred and thirty-six million dollars."

D. H. BARBER

An Experiment with Time

"A recent mishap with some fire-fighting appliances in South Wales has resulted in the order that all equipment must be inspected on the eve of a fire."

"Western Mail"

THE CARIB QUEEN

FORTUNA was a Carib queen
And ruled a savage land;
Had never tasted margarine,
Nor shovelled foundry sand;

Pent in a little sea-girt room,
Had never truly known
The glory of a Jacquard loom,
Nor used a telephone.

Nor had she seen the chimney
stacks
Sprout up like barren pines,
Nor supped off tea and tasty
snacks
Beside the railway lines.

Full wise was she, yet understood
No wiring diagram,

Nor had she worn a pixie hood,
Nor ridden in a tram.

She had for counsellor the brook
And forest-bird for bard,
Yet never owned a ration book
Nor Health Insurance card.

She wore no nylon on her legs,
She had not heard of Freud,
She was not registered for eggs
Nor gainfully employed.

She lived and loved, and laughed
and kissed,
And wept when sorrow came,
And never knew what she had
missed.

Fortuna was her name.

R. P. LISTER



DELIGHTS IN STORE



is of course already the patron saint of Russia, but . . .

In this great Store—as it extends, with ancillaries, to thirty-five acres one cannot emulate the

WEALTHY Saint Nicolas did good by stealth. In particular it is recorded of him that, overhearing the midnight lamentations of a widower whose poverty was on the point of driving his daughters to a life of shame, the saint surreptitiously and on three cold successive nights thrust a dowry in bar-gold through the old man's window, thus giving rise to the custom of clandestine and nocturnal gifts for the young on December 6th—his Day—in Holland, and on Christmas Eve elsewhere. The Dutch "*Sint Klaas*" becomes—via New Amsterdam—Santa Claus, and five thousand assistants in this one department store alone work overtime for a month in consequence. If there is not as yet a patron saint of retailers it would seem that Saint Nicolas is a worthy candidate. He

modestly British understatement of the management in calling it a House—preparations for Christmas begin as early as February, when Christmas-cards are contemplated; continue on an ascending scale through July, when Advertising perspires over fur-lined boots and Display sweats out snow-scenes; become feverish in August and September, when two hundred buyers buy and countless suppliers supply; blossom in mid-October when—with the children safely back at school—the Toy Fair opens for the Early (and Clandestine) Parent; and burst into fulgent bloom in the middle of November, when the Christmas catalogue goes out to (I may not give the six figures—adv.) not a few homes. Announcements appear in the Press and the last alluring holly-sprig is tied to the

last diamond ring (£1,200—postage and packing free).

From now on you, the Customer, take charge. Or at least not *quite* from now on, because, perverse one, although you always mean to Shop Early for Christmas, in practice you wait for the first really sharp nip in the air to release your Behaviourist purse strings, and then, though thinking you are Early, note with surprise how very many others have been drawn by the same glittering goal. So you arrive, in your thousands, at the Store and never stop arriving till Christmas Eve, when you concentrate in the bedlam of Books and the shambles of Stationery to fill your last-minute lacunæ.

What presents you *do* buy! Not only those you are rightly expected to buy and for which fleetingly special departments are created or extended—slippers, calendars, cards, cake-decorations, diaries, tinsel-tape, crackers and toys, toys, toys—but, believe it or not, an eight-hundred-pound electric organ for somebody's stocking, a ninety pound Persian runner for somebody's pillow-case, a nice set of fire-irons, some *heavenly* oven-ware, bathroom cabinets, grand pianos, typewriters, electric blankets and (when they were first available after the war) *thousands* of bathing-costumes. Of all things!

There is, in fact, little that you do not buy—especially this year, when to the profusion of our native products is added a welcome seasoning of the best that soft currency can sell. There are life-size clock-work white rabbits (with spectacles) that really knit, *Fabriqué en France*; and once again you may read, with disturbing (I found) familiarity, "Made in Germany" on an article here and there. You buy giant crackers, with four dozen *lovely* gifts inside them and, I presume, a guaranteed *atomic* bang, for nine guineas each; you spend half-a-crown, some of you, on a single Christmas card; now again, after that long fast, you Give Golf Balls For Christmas; and, to the nostalgic, pogo-sticks and trousers presses. Very few things do you *not* give. Not carpets, for instance (who

would have their sitting-room floor hammered about with during Yule?); not personal weighing-machines—those come *after* Christmas; and not baths. This last omission puzzles me, for in the whole of this temple of temptation, or rather this abbey of altruism, there is nothing, but *nothing*, I would so like to give or even receive as a beautiful, bulgy, beatific, blush-pink bath.

As it was—and let this be a reproof to me for thinking other people odd—what I fell for was a coconut. I mean a real coconut, with hair. Because there was a pile of hundreds of coconuts, and piles of things make you want to buy them, on the if-so-many-why-not-one-for-me principle, I suppose. Because it was *only* two-and-six (shades of 'Appy 'Ampstead!).

Because, too, one's small daughter has never *had* a coconut and . . . oh, well, because of the Christmas spirit and things, I expect. Anyway, before I could check my impulse I had ordered one and had had it put down to my wife's account and arranged for its due and free dispatch. By the kindness of the Management I was allowed to follow the consequences of this mad-cap generosity, as it affected them, by going behind—or rather above and below—the scenes to watch the coconut's headlong progress on its Bountiful Errand.

First I was taken by a zig-zag of escalators past lofty regions labelled Staff Only to a secret, long, thin room called Lower Sanctions, whose walls were lined with the

converging message-tubes of all Departments, tubes that popped irregularly to shoot out the cylinders called "carriers" in which bills and money are so trustingly tucked by the assistant who serves us, to return miraculously and unfailingly with our correct change. My coconut having been bought on credit, no money passed and the "carrier" was diverted to a conveyor belt leading to one of many young men whose duty it is to "Sanction" the credit. This he does by referring to a monster card-index at his back in which is recorded the blamelessness of the many and the frailty of the few. The frail have green tabs upon them, the very frail red. I was not allowed to look at my wife's card; but the young man hit the bill a satisfying smack

with his stamp, so that she would seem to be a good risk, at any rate for a coconut. "What happens," I asked, "if the bill is for a £1,200 diamond ring, postage and packing free?" With bated breath the young man whispered "*Upper Sanctions*," and I sensed enough of Top Secret not to ask to go there. Nor did I demand what went on when the hand of destiny turned up a Red Tab—there are things, especially at Christmas time, over which one draws a veil.

So much for money—at least my wife's money. Now, down all those zig-zags and some more, to white-tiled caverns and sub-caverns below Handbags, below Perfumery, below even the Street, to the vast orderliness of Dispatch. Here I

stood at the bottom of a conveyor-belt, whose overhead rumblings I had been hearing this long cavernous while and which here emerged into the bright light of electricity, dutifully, almost reverentially, depositing its charges on to a gigantic revolving Round Table without a middle, on whose periphery the Knights stood waiting to bear away their captures. In due course came my wrapped but recognizable coconut, apparently little terrified by its long dark journeyings, to be seized at once and carried to a wired bin bearing miraculously the name of my very own village . . . well, all right then, suburb. Here with its fellow destinies (to think up a new one) it would wait until my Delivery Day, when a van-man would wheel his basket up to this and the contiguous bins and my nut would start the last stage of its adventurous, etc., etc. My nut—I am growing affectionately possessive, I see, and calling it by its short name already—is neither heavy nor fragile. If it were, its voyage to the bin would have been made not by conveyor-belt but by basket on a purring electric trolley, Keeping to the Right (I don't know why) and Not Overtaking in the Tunnels. But it would have got there just the same with the thousands and thousands of other consequences of Santa Claus, each bought, delivered, marked, advertised, displayed, sold, sanctioned, wrapped and dispatched with the minimum of fuss, the maximum of efficiency, and the final fatal fullness of allurements.

Add to all this a Mail-Order Dept., deciphering and dealing with your thousand desires; a Telephone Order Dept. which, far from putting you on to Cremations when you want Cream Buns, deals with your needs there and then; and a Staff Restaurant (apart from all the others) that serves eight thousand meals a day and . . . well, not even a widower with three daughters could ask for more.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



AT THE PICTURES

The Great Lover—The Great Sinner

"IS it a sin," they were asking lately, "is it a crime, loving you, dear, like I do?" Love and sin march together in the American mind, so that these two portraits of masters in action might be expected to show points of resemblance. And sure enough they do.

The Great Lover (Director: ALEXANDER HALL) is a BOB HOPE romp on a more subdued note than usual. Is BOB HOPE trying to do a Chaplin and turn actor on us? There is comparatively little of his usual verbal sparkle in this film; instead, it depends on situation and character - portrayal — in which Mr. HOPE is beautifully supported by ROLAND YOUNG and ROLAND CULVER — laced towards the end with a welcome shot of slapstick. BOB HOPE plays the frivolous *Freddie*, conveying across the Atlantic in a luxury liner a gaggle of revolting Boy Foresters, whose code of behaviour prohibits every worth-while amusement from smoking down (or up). *Freddie* is barely halfway up the gangway when he becomes involved with the lovely daughter (RHONDA FLEMING) of a Russian Grand Duke (ROLAND CULVER) with a craze for poker, and with a suave professional gambler (ROLAND YOUNG) who has a side-line in murder. After a sluggish start, the film deals faithfully with such fool-proof material, and if the result is not first-quality Hope at least it is pretty amusing most of the time and very amusing some of the time.

The mood of *The Great Sinner* (Director: ROBERT SIODMAN) is as serious and melodramatic as that of *The Great Lover* is flippant. *Fedya* (*Dostoevsky*, by implication) is travelling across Europe by train, without any Boy Foresters. He becomes involved

with *Pauline*, the lovely daughter of a Russian general with a craze for roulette and chemin-de-fer, and with a suave Casino manager who has a side-line in blackmail. The general has given the manager notes



[The Great Lover]

Last Ditch

Archduke Maximilian—ROLAND CULVER; C. J. Dabney—ROLAND YOUNG; *Freddie* Hunter—BOB HOPE

for two hundred thousand marks bearing forged signatures, and in order to retrieve them his daughter is to marry him. *Fedya*, who has hitherto scoffed at the gambling passion of the general and his daughter, now conquers his prejudice, goes to the tables, and comes away with the required amount and



[The Great Sinner]

Last Trump

General Ostrovsky—WALTER HUSTON; Grandmother—ETHEL BARRYMORE; *Fedya*—GREGORY PECK

thirty-odd thousand over. But, alas, he now has caught the gambling fever, and the next night he loses it all, and more. It is *Pauline's* turn to dissuade him from gambling, which she does with the adventitious help of a fainting fit which attacks *Fedya* when he sees his unshaven face in a mirror hanging in a pawnshop. Then *Fedya* drops into a local church, and is so overcome by the beauty of the full-choral service that he is finally redeemed on the closing *tierce de Picardie*, and writes a book about his sin—or should I say his crime and its punishment?—good enough to pay off his debts and give him a fresh start.

GREGORY PECK is *Fedya*; AVA GARDNER is *Pauline*. It's hard to say whether they play well or badly, because their lines are so stagey that to speak them at all is to sound "ham." Indeed, story, dialogue and direction are alike theatrical to a degree. All the same, naive though I may be, I found some of the gambling sequences exciting enough to jump my pulse up a beat or two.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

That excellent film of boxing low-life, *The Set-Up* (13/7/49), is now being shown at the Metropole, Victoria, and the Odeon, Tottenham Court Road, and should certainly be seen by those who missed it on its previous showing. It is coupled with a vintage Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour number, *They Got Me Covered* (7/7/43), which shows what Bob Hope can really do when his gag-writers are working.

Give Us This Day (9/11/49), an impressive though rather pretentious film, has moved to "North and East," and so has *Slattery's Hurricane*, an exciting aviation-piece starring Richard Widmark. Both these are worth a visit, the first to make you think, the second to keep you from thinking.

B. A. YOUNG

THE LESS SAID THE BETTER

HOW dare you stand in front of me! I know your sort. You grow like toadstools at the head of every queue. You never went without cigarettes or chocolates, nylons or cakes, nor did your sturdy shoulders ever fail to push their way on to train, tram or bus. You were there, watching and waiting, a monstrous product of rationed discomfort. Have you a home or a husband, or even any friends? I doubt it.

Do you really want to see this particular film? Will you not be just as grimly happy in the Regal or the Majestic? What can have brought you to this cinema to-night? Are you interested in the emotional probing to which you are so soon to be subjected? Have you, indeed, any emotions to be probed? You could have come any other time, but you must choose this, my poor solitary eve evening, merely to keep me shivering behind you in the chill fog of the street. Not content with your proud position, you flaunt your supremacy from time to time by turning round and staring complacently at the ever-lengthening queue behind you. I wish you fallen arches, I wish you wet feet, and, by heaven, I wish you gone.

The next complete performance starts in four and a half minutes. Are they all asleep in there? Are they all drugged—victims of some audacious crime? Is this a "lock-in" strike on the part of the usherettes, or is the whole audience sitting it all through for the second and third time? The hands of the gaudy, illuminated clock give a bound forward. "*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi.*"

Yes, Mr. Commissaire, I recognize your authority indeed, even if its only palpable sign is the faded glory of your pantomime uniform. But your lordly air lacks conviction. You were never the one to paralyze the parade ground at Caterham. Your authority really lies in your tired, detached, brusque manner; you are the bureaucratic official, dealing with units, not men. As you release some more sheep towards the box-office your bottle-

green sleeve suddenly halts the rush, and you turn to my queue, granting permission for one couple to pay for their pleasure. That is power, real power. What satisfaction is comparable with that of keeping rows of humanity waiting in the street?

And you, madam, encased in black, inscrutable and inhuman, how did you get into your box-office, and how will you ever get out? Swollen with florins, will you suddenly drop down a chute once the big picture has begun? I suspect you of having no legs; you are merely the upper works of a lifelike ready reckoner. Your nourishment is coins and your soul receipts.

What is the use of two gentle spinsters coming out? What are two among so many? There is one minute to go before the news of the world is presented to the world. Get on! Surely you, the authorities, realize the hurry? This is no time for polite delay. Run, usherettes, count your empty seats (for they have been empty all along), rush the news to the manager, bustle about, Mr. Commissaire, wake up, box-office lady, get on your marks, patient queuers! The thin trickle of people emerging, at last, comes into view. Was it the likes of you who were holding us all up? Oh, this is monstrous; democratic enthusiasm gone mad.

Aimless old man, with dirty slouch cap and threadbare trousers, what have you thought about it all?

Were you drinking it in avidly, or were you quietly dozing in the comfort and warmth of the one-and-threepennies? Yes, dear lady, I can see that *you* have made a business of the film. Your honest, enthusiastic face is puckered up with thought and appreciation. You will simply have to ring Margaret up and tell her all about it. Saucy baggages, with high heels and gaily-coloured scarves, you patter away leaving a trail of giggled comments and cheap scent fading in the night air; what will you say to Ron and Alec about it, or don't you remember? Was it just a useful method of passing two and a half hours?

And what of those two, husband and wife, whose looks have merged into uniformity after twenty years of domestic tedium? As they emerge no trace of expression is visible on their faces; they have always "gone to the pictures" on this night of the week, and they always will.

What use is it to lead this queue if the other side receives the exclusive attentions of the commissaire? Now even they have been halted, and the performance starts in thirty seconds. In the foyer a hurried consultation is being held. Come on, Come on! Victory! The commissaire is walking towards us.

"Standing room only at two and nine."

Bah!

FEW CREDIT THIS

UPON a waste of moorland bleak and bare,
Attractive only to the fox and hare,
An aged shepherd, seeking hard to trace
Lost sheep, met Camelopard face to face.
With shaking nerves the ancient hireling fled
Then, shamed of cowardice, back again he sped
To comfort and defend his folded flock,
And there support another startling shock;
For shouts of ovine laughter reached his ears
With merriment to banish any fears
Where, in their midst upon a gentle mound,
With happy sheep in hundreds crowded round,
Sat Camelopard, debonair and gay,
Telling tall stories and consuming hay.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THE POSTMAN RARELY RANG ONCE

WHEN a small factory in the West of England recently found its output falling off, the explanation, though highly irregular, turned out to be both simple and rather charming. The work-people, it seems, had been so busy with a poetry competition run by the house magazine that other matters had temporarily gone by the board.

These things have a way of spreading; but before any action of the starker sort is taken on a national level it would be well to consider precedents. Personnel managers who may be sombrely expecting to find odes or sonnet sequences getting in the way of production targets are invited to consider the case of Edward Capern, the Rural Postman of Bideford, whose collected poems came out a century ago and made quite a stir. They should know what the Post Office did when it discovered that this employee had been taking time off, as it were, from one sort of letters and applying himself to another, with results such as this:

*I'll pipe a lay to Milly,
The merry-making thing,
My pretty cottage lily,
And picture of the Spring.*

What did the Post Office do?
The Post Office was so impressed by



*"We remain, yours faithfully...
for heaven's sake put down that gun,
Albright... Bang! Bang!...
a-a-a-b-b-b..."*

the success of Mr. Capern's first edition that it increased his weekly salary from ten shillings and sixpence to thirteen shillings and gave him a six-day week by relieving him of Sunday duties.

He was a manly, tuneful fellow, and seems to have been worth pampering. All the same, it was the act of an enlightened bureaucracy, still able to put first things first. For it is hard to believe that the deliveries in the Buckland Brewer area, which it was Postman Capern's duty to serve, were anything but capricious. The probable truth is that the people who lived in the neighbourhood were content to miss a few letters now and again, or get somebody else's, if this were the price that had to be paid for "Gentle Annie," "To the Wild Convolvulus," or "Where Hast Thou Been, My Beautiful Spring?"

In the combined course of his duties and his art he walked thirteen miles a day, leaving at home a wife and two children—"happy," we are informed in the reassuring idiom of the period, "where thousands would be discontented; rich, where many would be in want." For this we have the word of his editor, a Mr. W. F. Rock, who introduced him to the world, with the utmost confidence, as a man of genius.

We also learn from Mr. Rock that he looked like Oliver Goldsmith and had a fine ear for music. "He plays touchingly on the flute, and sings his own songs to his own tunes with striking energy or tenderness." All this—and letters too, when he got round to thinking about them—must have made him the pride and the darling of this corner of Devon.

The poem that gives the sprightliest account of his joint activities is a longish ode called "The Rural Postman."

*O the postman's is as happy a
life
As any one's, I trow;
Wand'ring away where dragon-flies
play,
And brooks sing soft and slow...*

It is an endearing picture; one sees him, flute in hand and his letters the lightest of burdens, skipping from Bideford towards Buckland Brewer with a verve that must have delighted the Post Office but would have been frowned upon by the late Mr. Wordsworth, who had been more for a go-slow policy. The Rural Postman would have none of this. In ebullience he rivalled the great Tupper himself; in poetic quality he surpassed him.

*Heigho! I come and go,
Where the Lent lily, speedwell and
dog rose blow,
Heigho! and merry, O!
Where hawkweeds, and trefoils, and
wild peas grow.
Heigho! Heigho!
As pleasant as May-time, and light
as a roe.*

The critics were entranced, and why not? "Mr. Capern has a heart, though he is only a postman," said the *Athenæum* in praising these "honest, fresh, lusty verses." The *Morning Post* found his poetry "as delicious in sentiment as it is melodious in utterance." Walter Savage Landor read his work "with equal attention and delight," and its brief fame spread to the ends of the earth. "On he goes, over the troubled paths of life, singing his pleasant songs," said the *Hong Kong Monthly Magazine*.

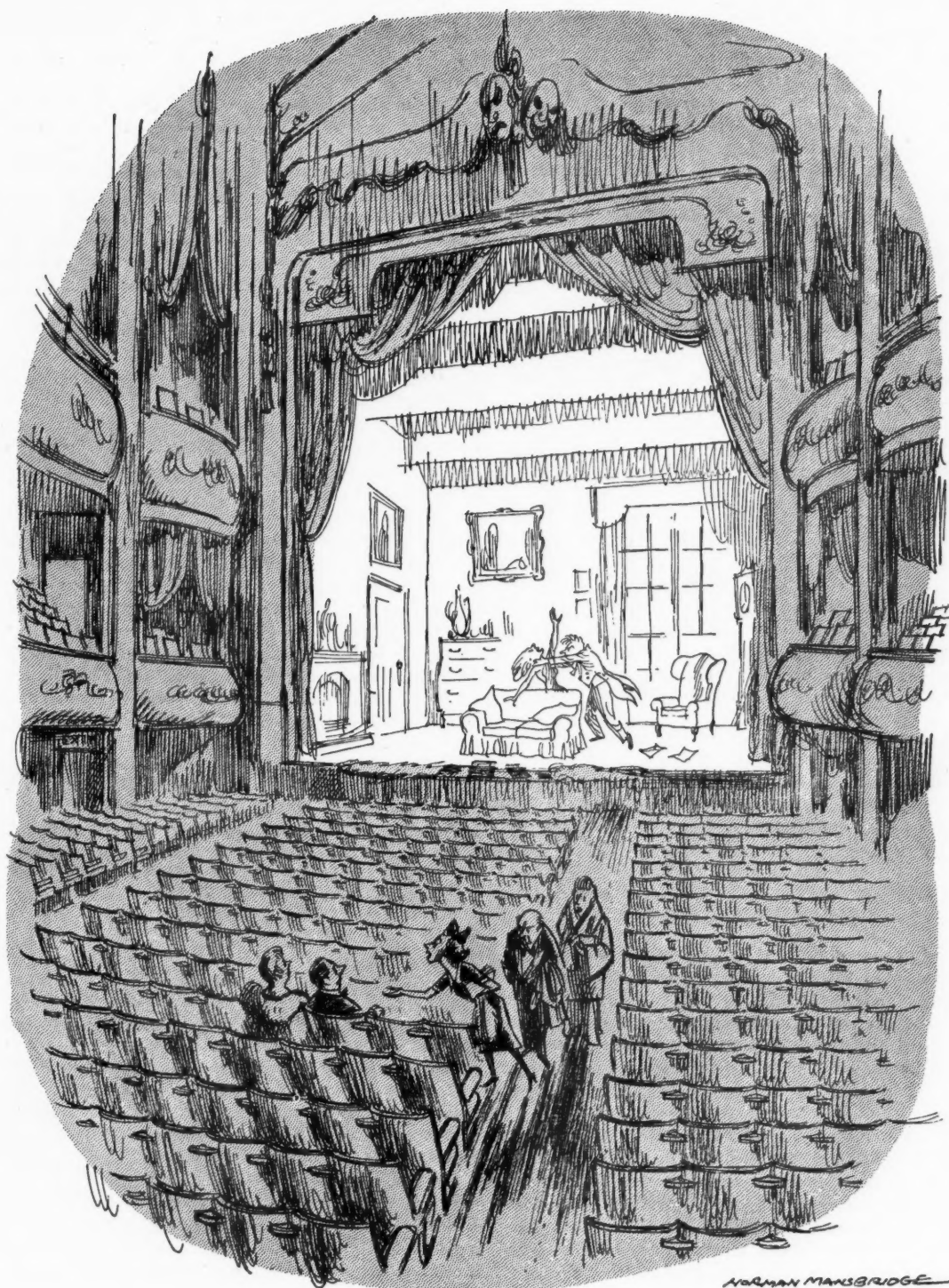
"His versification," added this distant journal, "is exceedingly correct." That would hardly be considered a compliment to-day. But what of this, from the *British Workman*? "It is pleasant to think of the postman in his rural walks, weaving his sweet strains of welcome to flower and tree." Would that be the voice of Transport House?

§ §

The Miracle Man

"Karachi, Oct. 22 (Star).—It is reliably learned that Major Mohammad Sadiq, Pakistan Consul-General in Sinkiang, who left Gilgit last month, has safely reached Kashgar.

It is further learned that the route through which he travelled is still blocked."—*Civil and Military Gazette*"



"May I see your tickets, please? There's been some mistake at the box office."



"I'm looking for something for a lady who's found her unposted all-correct pools coupon in the book that her husband dropped on the Ming vase when the starling came down the chimney on the day after her overlooked wedding anniversary."

CIRCLERS' CIRCLE

IT is understood that, as part of a recruiting drive in connection with its silver jubilee celebrations, the Circlers' Circle is planning to distribute leaflets at all the principal Inner Circle stations. Readers may be interested to see an advance draft of this leaflet. Headed simply "Circlers' Circle," it reads as follows:

THE AIM OF THE CIRCLE

The Circle exists to promote friendship among, and to protect the interests of, circlers of the Inner Circle. Circlers may be described as those Londoners who use the service as a means of passing through time rather than over distance; those, that is, who seek relaxation, instruction, warmth, or companionship by revolving round the Inner Circle for the cost of a three-halfpenny ticket.

HISTORY OF THE CIRCLE

The Circle was founded just twenty-five years ago by a retired roundabout-keeper from Notting Hill Gate.

Its members are drawn from all walks of life, though a large proportion are either teetotal or impecunious or both, as the Circle is not yet in a position to compete successfully with the public-house. Regular circlers ("chronics" or "chrons" as they are known among their fellows) include a lady novelist whose well-known portraits of family life in Bermondsey are drawn entirely from observations made on the Inner Circle in the neighbourhood of Aldgate, a Cabinet Minister who finds the steady rhythm of the wheels and the absolute certainty of arriving back at one's starting-point a welcome relief from the unsteadiness and anxieties of political life, and also, among a numerous category of omnivorous readers whose noisy home life forces them to retire to the Inner Circle after the public libraries have closed for the night, a dustman who for the last two years has been endeavouring to memorize the "Critique of Pure Reason" for a wager. Irregular circlers ("spasmods") consist mostly of husbands who forget their door-keys on the very night their wives have arranged to visit friends, or the sort of people who check up on the time of an appointment only after arriving at the rendezvous an hour too early.

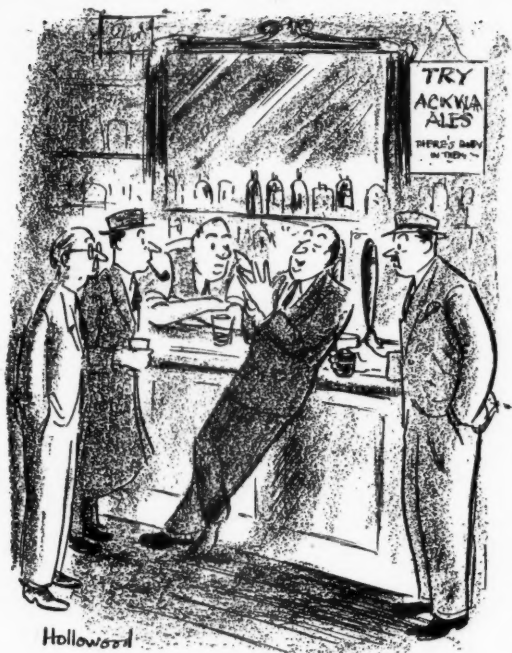
The most noteworthy event in the history of the Circle was the Great Direction Controversy of 1935 which nearly split the Circle into two rival splinter groups, the Clockwisers and the Anti-clockwisers. The Clockwisers were led by a Harley Street heart specialist who maintained that a continuous turning of left-hand bends was bad for the heart in that it tended to drain the blood away from it by the operation of centrifugal forces. The opposition, on the other hand, had the support of a well-known ballet dancer who declared that right-hand pirouettes always made her dizzy, whereas left-hand ones had no effect. The debate was long and bitter until the breach was finally healed by an eminent K.C., who pointed out that the effect of clockwise circling or anti-clockwise circling depended in any case on whether one sits with one's front or one's back facing forward. Since then Clockwisers and Anti-clockwisers have sat opposite each other in complete harmony in both clockwise and anti-clockwise trains.

ACTIVITIES OF THE CIRCLE

Apart from organizing social evenings and lantern lectures on such subjects as "The History of the Metropolitan Railway" or "The Westinghouse Vacuum Brake" (usually held in the rear coach of train X987 on the first Friday of each month), the Circle's Central Committee actively represents its members' interests with the L.P.T.B. It is continually insisting on the desirability of improving conditions on the Inner Circle. Its programme includes:

(1) The replacement of the present trains by new ones with automatic door-control. The elimination of unnecessary draughts is, of course, especially important to those circlers who are predominantly "heat-and-lighters."

(2) The establishment of the Circle's right to prior consultation on all matters affecting the traditions of the Inner Circle. This move is the result of the recent



"... Mikhlis, Mikbailov, Andrianov, Alexandrov, Shatalin, Kuznetsov, Rodionov—that's only thirteen... oh, of course, how silly of me, I'm forgetting Stalin!"

regrettable incident of the renaming of Mark Lane station as Tower Hill, an arbitrary decision of the L.P.T.B. justified neither by tradition, common sense nor convenience.

(3) The provision of tables in some Inner Circle trains for the benefit of card-playing circlers.

(4) The eventual installation of restaurant-car facilities on at least one clockwise and one anti-clockwise train.

The L.P.T.B. has already agreed to the provision of one automatic-door train, which is already in service, and a time-table of its revolutions will be sent to every circler. In return for this concession, however, the Circle has agreed to instruct its members to refrain from circling between the rush hours of 4.30 and 6.30 in the evening.

All inquiries and requests for membership forms should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Circlers' Circle, c/o Lost Property Office, and left on the seat of any Inner Circle train.

"Tax-Battered Parent, with four children at school, would like acquire full-size billiard table and fittings before Christmas holidays."—*Advt. in "The Times"*

Preferably one with well-lined pockets.

BALLADE OF UNEXAMPLED FORTITUDE

TIME was, when lined up on the Big Parade,
My coward soul concealed a nameless fear.
Perchance some passing colonel might upbraid,
I might, perchance, offend the Brigadier,
The General might deem my webbing queer,
The C.-in-C. might criticize my cap—
Ah! thrice-blessed friend who whispered in my ear
"There really isn't any need to flap."

No need to flap! My knocking knees were stayed;
Dauntless I stood, the perfect Pioneer.
The hour of peril found me undismayed;
My voice, in answer, rang out loud and clear.
I gave full details of my past career,
Name, rank and number, all without mishap.
You see the lesson? Grim though things appear,
There really isn't any need to flap.

So, too, to-day I watch Life's cavalcade
As crisis follows crisis year by year.
The sickened heart endures fond hopes betrayed,
Yet finds good reason still to persevere.
What though the mountain rises stark and sheer?
What though the chasm yawns, the dreadful Gap? . . .
Mark well my words, nor hold them insincere:
There really isn't any need to flap.

Envoi

Prince, what is all this shouting that I hear?
An insurrection? . . . Well, I'm off, old chap.
Try to remember, as the mob draws near,
There really isn't any need to flap.





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HERON

LEAN leg, fingered wing
the grey wind rowing;
crane-neck, trail-foot,
gauntly going;
startled from sedge,
the peat-dark edge,
the rippled quiver
and silver run
of moor-fen river:
black on the green screen
of sunken sun,
heron, haunter
of light's last coast,
night's shade, grim-greyled,
moon-frost
ghost.

Thin limbed, shadowless,
pinion-planing,
skeleton spectre
in dusk dew-raining;
pencil made
on jonquil-jade
of embering day-fall;
mounting the moon
with feathered splay-fall;
cabalist, scrawn-drawn,
wry-writ rune;
heron, hunter
by dyke and ditch;
moonrake mandrake,
eldritch
witch.





"I'm afraid that won't do for the exhibition, Sheila. It's nothing like child art."

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

MR. BARLEY had a fixed idea about his Saturday afternoons. This idea was that he worked in his garden and dodged in and out of the house watching the cricket or football on the television. At tea-time he came in to have his tea. It was a good idea, but it did not allow for Fate.

The Fate that happened on the Saturday afternoon this article is about was not the rain, which came down just as he was going out and forced him into a Balaclava helmet with the chin part pushed up over his head, but a telephone-call. Mrs. Barley answered it. It was from a bright schoolmistressy voice which said that its name was Watson and that it was the new tenant of The Holm and had on its veranda roof a cat thought to belong to the Barleys.

Mrs. Barley didn't make a good

job of describing her cat. "I suppose you'd say it was tabby," she said. "It's medium size. Well, it hasn't got a name exactly. Well, Pussycat actually. Well, he doesn't answer really, except for meals." This was said between listening pauses, as is the way with telephones, with Mr. Barley shaking cornflakes out of his Wellingtons and Mrs. Barley registering mute amazement.

A minute later Mr. Barley was holding a round shallow tin full of boiled plaice-heads and making trouble.

"If you think," he said in the voice with which he refused to ride Mrs. Barley's bicycle to the bus-stop, "that I'm going to walk along a——"

"It's only a hundred yards down the road," said Mrs. Barley. "It's on the gate. You know The Holm."

"What home?" said Mr. Barley, who was out of touch with local life. While Mrs. Barley explained, he wrenched off his helmet, opened the front door, saw the rain and put the helmet on again with the chin part under his chin. Mrs. Barley watched him out of the door. She waved gratefully, but he didn't wave back because of the tin.

Ten minutes later the telephone rang again.

"This is Miss Watson," said another bright voice. "Miss Watson's sister. Do forgive my troubling you—but all this rain on the poor puss, and I think you said your husband——"

"But he should be there!" cried Mrs. Barley.

"Really? But he isn't."

"Oh, but he should be!"

The rest of this telephone conversation ran to form. It is only

brought in to explain why after eight dreadful minutes Mrs. Barley was ringing up The Holm and saying "Darling! What happened to you?"

Mr. Barley explained that he had gone in the other direction. He had walked past the road junction, first to the left and then to the right, almost to the village. This reminded Mrs. Barley about the meat ration, but she decided to say nothing yet. Mr. Barley went on to say that he had gone that way because it was south, and therefore down. He didn't agree that the road sloped down to The Holm. He agreed that he had never tried it on a bicycle. He mentioned laughingly how it had rained into his fish-tin. This conversation was altogether bright and cheery, on Mr. Barley's side because people were listening and on Mrs. Barley's because she was so glad he hadn't been run over.

"Bring the tin back," she said in conclusion. "And hurry up."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Barley. "Yes, indeed. I'm just looking at this door." And he rang off. He had spoken with a strange heartiness.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Barley found their cat asleep in an arm-chair. He had probably been there hours. She rang up again.

"Oh, isn't it?" said Mr. Barley. He didn't seem to care. He was beginning to say something about the cat on the roof when there was a frightful noise in the telephone.

"Sorry," said Mr. Barley, not to Mrs. Barley but politely. There was some distant talking, and then he spoke again into the telephone. "It fell off," he said. "Well, I'll be seeing you. Everything all right?" And he rang off again.

For the next half-hour Mrs. Barley made some scones and tried to get the cat to eat some cold potatoes with parsley sauce. Then she picked up the telephone, thought a bit and put it back.

About another half-hour later the telephone rang again. Mrs. Barley said "Hullo." There was no answer. She said "Hullo," again. Then she said "Press Button A" and Mr. Barley did.

Being in a call-box, Mr. Barley could speak more freely. He told

her that the Watson door was too near the floor for a carpet to go under, and that he had taken it off its hinges.

"Just a minute," said Mrs. Barley. "Why are you in a call-box?"

"Because the plane needed a new thing in it," said Mr. Barley. "We're in a village I don't know the name of."

"In a car? Them and you?"

"Only one of them," said Mr. Barley, dropping his voice, presumably in case the call-box leaked. "The other, heaven help her, is cutting underfelt with nail-scissors." Then he gave a short talk on people who tried to do carpentering jobs without the proper equipment, a talk Mrs. Barley knew meant her too. It ended suddenly, with a sort of scuffle and another voice and the telephone ringing off. Mrs. Barley imagined that there was a perfectly ordinary explanation for this and that she would hear it later. She didn't think Mr. Barley was being bullied, but she did wonder why he hadn't been allowed to run back home for his own perfectly good plane.

At twenty-past five, when Mrs. Barley was standing at the gate waiting for the sub-postmaster who had said he would bring the joint along in his car, she saw another car full of men, women and children. One man had an oil-stove on his lap. Another, Mr. Barley, had a big dog. He waved cheerily as they went by.

Mrs. Barley gave him three minutes before she rang up for the last time. She only wanted to ask him to bring the fish back. She picked up the telephone. "Hey, George," a big voice inside it was saying, "what about them sacks?" She put it down and decided to leave the fish to Fate, which had already done so much for Mr. Barley's Saturday afternoon. ANDE

Philistine

*Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour
I heard*

*A voice declaiming on the Third—
And promptly found another wave-length where
Brightness falls from the air.*





METEOROLOGISTS PREFER BLONDES

London Airport

AMONG the many witty and fabulous devices, all playing their parts in bringing down seventy tons of airliner on to a concrete runway in bad weather, with no more of a bump than agitates a perambulator cased out of a guard's van, is one that cannot fail to stir the feeblest imagination, for it is simply a hank of human hair, housed with reverence in a beautiful white beehive in a secluded garden. Its anonymous donor was a blonde, blonde hair being more elastic, and the purpose of this pretty keepsake is to operate a pen and so to write a running commentary on the moistness of the atmosphere. "Nasty bit of humidity," murmur the Met-men, gravely bowed over the beehive. "Getting damper at London Airport," rattle the teleprinters presently, and on invisible waves the sad wet cry is taken up. At the ends of the world, at thirty thousand feet, strong men become stronger for the knowledge—and all because a bit of hair from the head of an unknown lady has lost its kink! If this is not the very stuff of romantic fancy, for which Donne would gladly

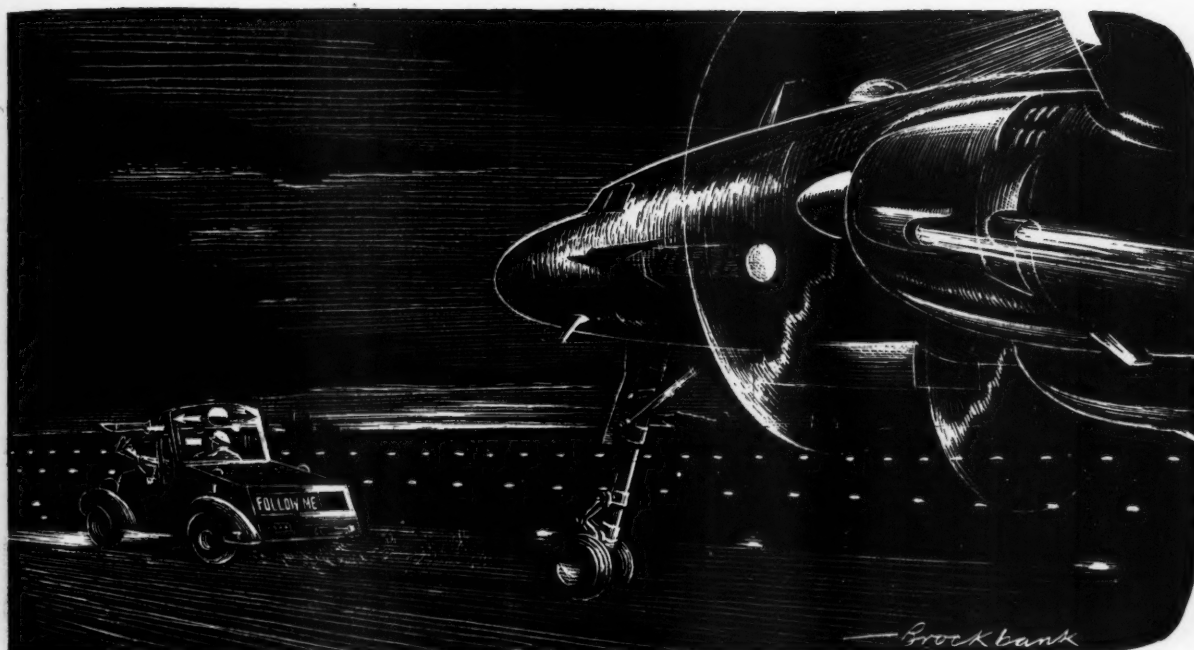
have given all his sermons, then I will eat a chocolate isobar.

Before we decant the rest of the Port, may I tell you about this unnatural garden, where the Met-men, who are the Druids of these drab days, practise their black art of divination? It is a small garden, and it is meticulously kept. Everything about it is standard (almost to the number of worms), so that the data grown in it will bear a just comparison with the produce of others in the cult. Here, in cosmic spittoons of rare workmanship, the rain is trapped and measured. Here, with a thermometer of godlike proportions, the Weird Brothers are alert for the Airport to run a temperature. And here, with the sorcerer's wand you will see on the left of our panorama looking like an old hayrake, and which for short is known as Besson's Comb Nephoscope, the speed of the clouds can be readily transfixed with a decimal. This garden is not a place where the most brutish man would dare to raise his voice . . .

Now, supposing you have accepted a week-end invitation to

Turkestan, shall we go briefly through the movements? Having bought your ticket and played all the necessary paper-games, you give yourself up at B.O.A.C.'s Palace of the Winds by Victoria Station. There the sheep-pen principle is applied with consummate tact. With how much tact you can judge when I tell you that while a clerk is holding you in easy talk you are treading unknowingly on a hidden weighing-machine. "Yes, madam, a light lunch in Rome," says he, patiently; but to himself: "Fifteen stone! Who'd have thought it!"

A nice bus with an attic storey takes you out along the Bath Road to the Airport, and from the moment you step out you are in the hands of charming and accomplished nannies, who only just refrain from tying a bib round your neck. They lead you into a cheerful waiting-room (so different, dear me, from the railway morgues) where your apprehensions are lulled with coffee; and when the loud-speakers give the word the nannies shepherd you through Health, Immigration and Customs. At that point you are officially in



bond, as if you were a keg of rum, and are only able to communicate with England by telephone. And so out on to the tarmac, and up into the belly of a shining whale.

The remarkable thing about London Airport is that as recently as 1943 it consisted of gravel-pits and cabbages. Work on an out-size bomber airfield was started, but before the end of the war the decision was made to switch.

At the moment there are three runways, built in a triangle, the longest nine thousand feet, enough to launch the Brabazon. In the master scheme an area north of the Bath Road is included to find room for a triangle of nine runways in three sets of parallels, with permanent buildings in the centre.

At present confined to long-distance traffic, the Airport is owned and operated technically by the Ministry of Civil Aviation, while B.O.A.C., its major lodger, supplies most of the staff responsible for reception and departure.

Although all the existing buildings are temporary, and most of them pre-fab, there is a creditable absence of shabbiness or makeshift. Since this is where more and more foreigners will get their first impression of London, the need to

please is important. As we walked past the long row of huts we had a sudden sharp sensation of being on a quay, for the serried tails of the giant aircraft on the marshalling apron suggest the sails of ships.

By the end of the day Mr. Punch's Artist and I were dizzy with the new magic. We had stood in the sun-bathing parlour on top of the control tower by a box not much larger than a pin-table, whose knobs, harnessing enough electricity to supply a town, governed the immensely intricate system of airfield lighting. (Poor Fido, a costly pet, is dead.) From this tower, which is the central brain-cell of a maze of navigational aids, all landing and take-off is regulated. While we were there we asked the obvious question about landing a skyful of Comets, "obvious" because jet planes burn their fuel fiercely at deck-level; and opinion seemed to be that the chief difficulties will come during the transition period in which piston aircraft are still flying.

We had crouched, too, in the occult dimness of a radar caravan, behind four little booths that were just like What The Butler Saw, watching a Canadian air liner from Prestwick being talked in by Ground Control Approach. Windsor

Castle and Epsom Downs made rival specks on the screens, but as the visitor drew nearer its pilot was steered over the runway and his gliding angle carefully adjusted. As this Canadian speck at length faded off the screen we could hear the huge aircraft whistling past us in the darkness. I found this almost unbearably dramatic.

And, struck with wonder, we had been through the highly efficient safety school of the Briefing Room, where long-range crews are told almost where to buy a back-stud in Rio—pausing only to express our heartfelt disgust with the word "debriefing," which we thought a serious slur on the taste and intelligence of civil aviation.

When we left the Airport the yellow lights marking the main runway had come on, their long stream ending in what, in the distance, appeared to be a great bed of scarlet peonies. Thousands of pale violet crocuses had also sprung up to show the taxi-ing areas. Part Black-pool, part Kew, and very beautiful. You can see all this for yourselves in the Spectators' Enclosure, open in the summer. There, if your little ones are already sick of the air age, are donkeys to remind them of the glorious past. ERIC KEOWN



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, November 21st

A film-producer looking for a subject might have attended to-day's debate in the Commons and have based on it a script called "The Trial of John Strachey and Leslie Plummer." For, although the subject was nominally the Government's scheme to produce ground- (or monkey-) nuts in East Africa, the greater part of the debate concerned those two gentlemen, respectively the Minister of Food and the Chairman of the Overseas Food Corporation.

Under the rules of the House only Mr. STRACHEY had the right to speak. Sir LESLIE sat silent in another part of the Chamber. It was generally conceded that, whatever could be said on the other side, Mr. STRACHEY presented his defence well, clearly and with good humour. Opposition speakers, supporting an official demand for an inquiry into the working of the groundnuts scheme, its past, present and future, alleged that it had been muddled and that the taxpayers' money had been frittered away in wildcat and improvident enterprises—if that was the word. They pointed to the fact that £29,000,000 of public money had been given to the scheme, but Mr. STRACHEY, with some indignation, said it was "monstrous" that anyone should say it had been wasted, since hospitals, roads, houses, tractors, office furniture and other useful things had been acquired. Even a few groundnuts had been grown, he added proudly.

But two points agitated the Opposition: first the fact that the official auditors had not found it possible to append the usual polite "We-have-had-every-assistance" note to the annual accounts of the Food Corporation, and second that two members of the Board had been dismissed by Mr. STRACHEY.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY (in unusually serious mood) and other

Conservative critics saw in these two facts something extremely sinister. In the first they saw gross carelessness with public money. In the second they saw a desire by the two defendants (true to the best Hollywood tradition) to shift the blame to two innocent but helpless victims. So the hardest-worked word of the day was "scapegoat."

Mr. STRACHEY's case was that in conducting a great experiment it was necessary to allow for trial and error, and that trial and error



Impressions of Parliamentarians

98. Lord Vansittart

implied that something would occasionally go wrong (with resulting loss of cash) as well as right (with resulting gain of groundnuts).

So the argument went on for hour after hour. Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD—deputizing at the shortest notice for Captain CROOKSHANK, who was ill—made a strong speech in winding up the Opposition case. He complained that Sir LESLIE PLUMMER was ignorant of East African life, unfitted for his job—and ought to go.

Mr. ARTHUR CREECH JONES, the Colonial Secretary, whipped himself into a fury when he wound up for the Government, and seemed astonished when a roar of laughter came, not only from the Opposition but from the Government benches. He had been referring to an article on the groundnuts scheme that had appeared in a periodical, and he said

sternly that he had "had had the article examined to see what the facts really were." As the Opposition's case had been that the Government itself did not know what was going on in far-off Africa this apparent confirmation of that view brought the House down.

It was left to the Government Chief Whip, Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, to provide the unexpected twist in the plot by reading out in a firm voice, but with lamentable inaccuracy—"Ayes to the right, 315; Noes to the left, 161."

After some swift action by The Table, Mr. Speaker, suppressing with almost complete success the chuckle that rose to his throat, gave the figures the right way round, the demand for an inquiry was rejected, and all was well. Mr. WHITELEY did not even try to suppress the roar of laughter that went with the rosiest blush seen in the Commons for many a year.

Tuesday, November 22nd

There was a row at Question-time to-day over the Chancellor's proposal to pay "informers" who supply information about breaches of the currency regulations. The proposal, Members from all parts of the House told Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, was repugnant to British feelings, but they received the somewhat strange reply that all democracies used it and that it "did no harm." He was told a debate would be raised on it later.

Mr. CHUTER EDE, looking unusually stern, spoke about a person who had written to a weekly periodical (under the *nom de plume* of "John Hadlow") making serious charges against the impartiality of the police in London's East End when dealing with strongly Right and Left partisans at political meetings.

The editor had declined to reveal the identity of the writer, and so the Home Secretary was unable



"A pity the Hundred Years War interrupted his studies."

to set up a judicial inquiry into the allegations, as he wished to do. There was a long exchange of questions and answers—in which Mr. CHURCHILL joined to make the suggestion that, if the individual policemen concerned were unable to bring civil libel actions, the Law Officers might consider the institution of criminal libel proceedings. This Mr. EDE promised to consider, and the House left the matter, clearly unhappy about it.

The debate was on the proposal to have only one, instead of two, voters' lists a year, as a measure of economy. This was agreed to.

Wednesday, November 23rd

Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, announced in the Lords

House of Lords:
A Question of Immunity

House of Commons:
All the (Cut-price) Fun of the Fair

that a committee is to consider the problems resulting from the Soviet Government's claim that Tass, the Soviet official news agency, was a Department of State and therefore entitled to diplomatic immunity from action

in this country's courts. He said the law of diplomatic immunity might have to be altered.

LORD VANSITTART had said that the immunity ought to be set aside to allow a refugee in this country to recover damages for libel from Tass.

The Commons were talking about the Festival of Britain, with Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Impresario-in-Chief, sitting watchfully by. Even he could not have been more eloquent in defence of the plan than was Mr. ALFRED BARNES, the Transport Minister, who roundly declared it would be a "tragedy" if the festivity of the Festival Gardens were to be endangered by too much economy.

The Opposition took the view that the same amount of festivity and the same amount of garden could have been achieved more cheaply, but this Mr. MORRISON contested—and eventually won his way.

Mr. GEORGE LINDGREN, of the Civil Aviation Ministry, was intensively cross-examined by Members on both sides about the action of his

chief, Lord PAKENHAM, in expressing public disagreement with the findings of an official inquiry on an air crash. This, said the critics, savoured of interference with the course of justice.

Mr. ATLEE registered annoyance—with whom was not clear.

Thursday, November 24th

The moment Mr. JAMES GRIFFITHS rose to open a debate on Welsh

House of Commons:
Welsh—with a Bang

affairs a woman in the public gallery rose, too, and announced, forte-fortissimo, that she favoured (to put it mildly) a Welsh Republic. Scarcely had she been persuaded to leave when a man rose and, hurling a bundle of handbills on to the floor of the House, added (in effect) that the present Government was not among the best in history, that he wanted a Welsh Socialist Republic, and that Mr. GRIFFITHS should "go back to Wales."

The attendants and police having attended to this interrupter also, the debate went smoothly.

AT THE PLAY

Hindle Wakes (THE ARTS)

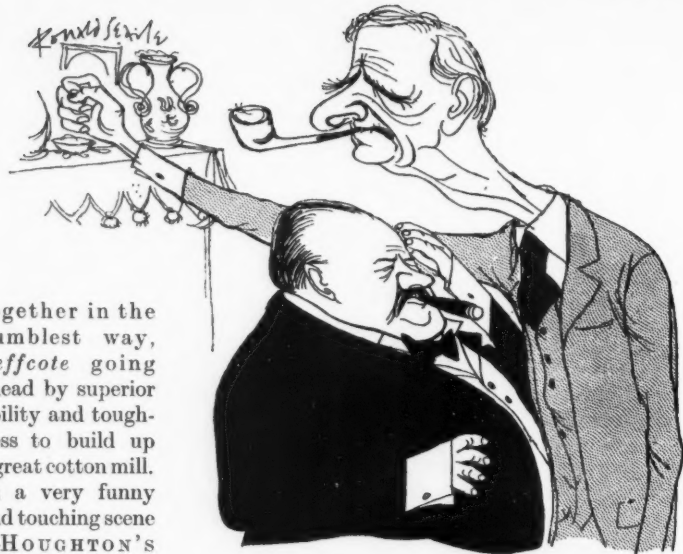
THERE was a time when STANLEY HOUGHTON's *Hindle Wakes* (1912) was considered so outspoken that it was banned by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It is no longer in the least daring, but remains a very well-made play, so full of grim wit and taut situations that one wonders why it has not been acted more often. With a slight strengthening of the cast the production at the Arts should certainly move on to the West End. Nothing could be more English than this blunt slice of Lancashire drama dealing with a girl's right to live her own life and to claim the traditional privileges of a man.

The only daughter of an honest weaver and his nagging wife, *Fanny* spends the week-end of the *Wakes* in Llandudno with the boss's son, and is caught out because the girl who had promised to cover her tracks is drowned in an accident, in which she herself would have been lost if *Alan Jeffcote* had not turned up, well warmed with champagne, in his father's shiny new motor-car. The fact that sin should have paid this handsome initial dividend was no doubt what disturbed the Vice-Chancellor. Old *Jeffcote* and *Fanny's* father, *Hawthorn*, had started

together in the humblest way, *Jeffcote* going ahead by superior ability and toughness to build up a great cotton mill. In a very funny and touching scene—HOUGHTON'S powerful writing is shot through with flashing humour—*Hawthorn* goes up late at night to the big house, cap in hand, to break the news to his blustering, kind-hearted old friend. *Jeffcote* explodes, declaring his son must marry *Fanny*.

Alan, a feeble youth, is already dynastically engaged, but, in the showdown on which old *Jeffcote* insists, *Beatrice* unselfishly refuses to go on with the marriage. The stage is thus cleared for a wonderful family meeting between the *Hawthorns* and the *Jeffcotes*. The parents get as far as plans for the wedding, but they have reckoned without *Fanny*. The modern girl, she has sized up *Alan* from the beginning. He, having assured his fiancée that *Fanny* was nothing but a passing frolic, is outraged when *Fanny* tells him that this is precisely what he was to her. The irony is still highly effective. Ambitious *Mrs. Hawthorn* is furious, equally ambitious *Mrs. Jeffcote* delighted. The play ends with *Alan* sneaking back to *Beatrice*, with the omens fair for reinstatement. It is easy to see how to contemporaries the penalties must have appeared dangerously light.

A great deal in the acting depends on old *Jeffcote*, a grand character that dominates the play, and Mr. HERBERT LOMAS, who



[*Hindle Wakes*]

Paternal Worries

Sir Timothy Farrar—MR. FELIX FELTON
Nathaniel Jeffcote—MR. HERBERT LOMAS

originally made the part, gives a magnificent performance. We are not in a theatre, watching him, but in the dining-room (solidly dreary, without burlesque, for which full marks to Mr. TONY PURVIS) of a testy, arrogant, lovable master-craftsman. Just to see this lean, fiery figure—Mr. LOMAS has the voice, too, of a major prophet—angrily jutting out his nose and fumbling for his elusive tobacco is an unforgettable lesson in stage cunning. Mr. ALEC CLUNES' production is a model of clever timing and intelligent care for detail (note the lighting of the gas.) Mr. MILTON ROSMER is admirably the gentle, decent *Hawthorn*, Miss JULIA BRADDOCK and Miss SONIA WILLIAMS are excellent as *Fanny* and *Beatrice*, Miss EILEEN THORNDIKE and Miss DOROTHY REYNOLDS point the contrast between the wives, and Mr. PATRIC DOONAN amply suggests the futility of a spoilt boy.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—New—Charming production in Old Vic repertory.

BLACK CHIFFON—Westminster—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA—Wyndham's—Bridie and Edith Evans both at their best.



[*Hindle Wakes*]

The Son is My Undoing

Christopher Hawthorn—MR. MILTON ROSMER
Fanny Hawthorn—MISS JULIA BRADDOCK



"Don Giovanni"

EVERYONE who frequents the rather severe-looking grey theatre in Rosebery Avenue would agree that "there is something about Sadler's Wells." It may be that we have come to hear *Tosca*. We shall hardly have had time to wriggle into the most comfortable position on our seat—for the seats at Sadler's Wells are not the most luxurious in the world—when our neighbour will say with a proprietorial air "I'm looking forward to this. 'VICKY' SLADEN sings a very good *Tosca*—it's one of the best things she does." We agree heartily, and settle down with our friend-for-the-evening to discuss her other rôles. "Were you here the other night for *Simone Boccanegra*?" he asks. "Mind you, I'm not sure—what I mean is, I think 'VICKY' makes *Amelia* too strong, somehow." "Yes, maybe, but she isn't a clinging Victorian. She is a lady of the Renaissance, and they were tough. Think of the *Decameron*. And her father was a sea captain before he blossomed into a Doge—nothing very gentle about him. By the way, how thrilling that council-chamber scene is, with *Boccanegra*

AT SADLER'S WELLS

and the mob and the councillors in their red robes; best thing in the whole opera—What I was going to say was," we continue breathlessly, "don't you think you need a rather strong *Amelia* to stand up to all that red-bloodedness?" "Perhaps," agrees our companion, doubtfully, "and have you heard 'VICKY' sing *Donna Anna* in the new production of *Don Giovanni*? Now that really is exciting—though I have a friend who thinks she has made *Donna Anna* into a most revolting character." "Well, I think *Donna Anna* is a revolting character—a thorough-going whale-boned prig. *Donna Elvira* is the one I always feel sorry for. Her plight is really terrible, and she is held up to ridicule for it into the bargain, poor woman. . . ." "MARJORIE SHIRES is a good *Elvira*, isn't she?" "Oh, splendid. It isn't easy to be distracted and musical and look nice all at once. . . . But I'm afraid FREDERICK SHARP'S *Don Giovanni* didn't convince me that he was a seducer in the grand style, did he you? That pointed beard didn't seem to belong to him." "Have you heard their new discovery?" "Which one? JAMES McKENNA, who sang *Pinkerton* so well on tour that he was promoted from the chorus to be a principal, or MARION STUDHOLME, who is such a bright spark as *Adèle* in *Die Fledermaus*? . . ." "Yes, and AMY SHUARD, the new *Musetta*. She shouts a bit, but she has got the stuff that may make a *Tosca* one day." "What I love is *Butterfly*. I came the other night to hear JOYCE GARTSIDE sing it, and her *Butterfly*



"Sea Change"

was so dainty and so pathetic that, as she stood there in her Japanese wedding gown at the end of the second act, waiting and waiting among the cherry-blossoms for the lover who didn't come, I felt I couldn't bear the petals to fall or to see her shattered like a piece of porcelain in the third act. So I came away." "What a frightful lot of different voices you need in an opera company," mused our companion. "Think of the *Butterflies* and *Musettas* and *Zerlinas* and *Donna Annas* and all the rest of them. And that is only the sopranos."

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet is steadily increasing its repertoire. Act Two of *Swan Lake* has been added this season, and gives ELAINE FIFIELD an opportunity to show that she has the makings of a classical ballerina. *Sea Change* is a dramatic ballet about a sailor who is lost at sea. The choreographer is JOHN CRANKO, and it is well danced by a cast headed by SHEILAH O'REILLY. The décor is by JOHN PIPER and the music puts up as stiff a resistance to being harnessed to choreography as SIBELIUS' music usually does. D. C. B.

CASUAL ENCOUNTER

INTO the moonlit night flits the little grey cat,
Slipping like velvet over my marching feet,
Rubbing and purring with pleasure to greet
Me, twisting and twining
This way and that
In an intricate pattern of her own designing—
Not caring two hoots
For my heavy boots—
Until at last I stop and laugh at the fun of it
all.

And at that
The little grey cat
Leaps up in an ecstasy beside me on the wall,
Arching her back and cuffing with cushioned paws,
Wild-eyed with mischief. Then suddenly tiring of the
game
For no apparent cause
Drops to the ground, feather-soft, feather-light,
And casually as she came
Vanishes like a moth into the night.

WITH MUSIC LOUD AND LONG

"WHEN a train has to be started at a given moment," writes Bertrand Russell in his book *The Conquest of Happiness*, "it is impossible to inspire the porters, the engine-driver and the signalman by means of barbaric music." What the chain of reasoning was into which Lord Russell introduced this link I have now forgotten. I quote the sentence to illustrate an aspect of the author's craft generally overlooked by the public: the indomitable patience and perseverance of the writer in his search for the truth.

We should first remember that the man of letters is not usually happiest when dealing with dull, practical details. I cannot think that Lord Russell would turn with much zest from his intellectual speculations to such unfamiliar considerations as the carrying power of the note of a bassoon in varying weather conditions or the amount of space necessary for the unhampered manipulation of a trombone. Yet if his valuable illustration was to be based on a solid foundation a series of experiments would certainly be necessary. A slapdash writer might be content with one only—and find himself at the mercy of every interfering busybody who cared to ask for data as to the enlivening effect of a solo on the baritone oboe. I fancy that our author would not be content with half-measures.



He would first decide, I think, on a fairly loose interpretation of the words "barbaric music." The most pertinacious seeker after truth would hardly be eager to force his way on to a crowded railway platform at the head of a bevy of negroes encumbered with unwieldy hollow tree-trunks, or something of the kind. An ordinary orchestra could do all that was required.

Next, it would be necessary to approach the railway authorities with a request that space should be reserved on the premises of a suitable station for, say, a couple of dozen instrumentalists, at specified times during a period of perhaps a fortnight. The station chosen would probably be a small one, on an unimportant branch line. At the large termini the signal cabin is usually at some distance from the station, and conditions such as these would involve the unnecessary expense of, at the very least, a string quartet, in addition to the main body of musicians. At small stations, although the accommodation may be limited, the signal cabin is usually within earshot of the platform.

I think we may take it that Lord Russell would not be likely to make his first approach to the station-master. It is possible, of course, if matters were carried with a high hand, that such an official might allow himself to be hustled into reserving a section of platform, at any rate, for the use of an orchestra on certain dates. It is more likely that such a request would be met with endless quibbles and delays, and I have little doubt that our author would decide to write to the Minister of Transport. The letter would probably be quite a brief affair, with no beating about the bush—simply a straightforward request to allow an orchestra to give performances at a certain branch line station on various dates, and I imagine that as a sort of bait some suggestion would be made that by this means it was hoped to release a small percentage of porters for duties in the mines, or something of the kind.

Once the permission of the

Minister of Transport had been obtained, and the orchestra engaged, final details would have to be arranged with the station-master, and here I cannot help but feel that the author would have to contend with surly looks and morose objections. Let us suppose that he has produced his letter from the Minister and explained the nature of the undertaking.

Author. On the night preceding the experiment you will stealthily remove as much of the west wall of the main waiting-room as is necessary to permit the passage of a grand piano.

Station-master. There are timetables on those walls. If—

Author. No one must know of our plan until the last minute. If the younger members of the staff, and any elders of an emotional type, were permitted to brood about the affair overnight a state of tension might be set up which would falsify our results. Next, the north wall must be quietly demolished, converting waiting-room and booking-office into a chamber large enough to accommodate an orchestra.

Station-master. Who's to issue the tickets?

Author. The clerk will take up his position among the violins, and by adopting a crouching posture he should be able to carry out his duties for the short time necessary. An hour before the experiment you will call the staff together, and in a cool, dispassionate manner acquaint them with the facts, telling them that malted milk will be served immediately in the porters' room. You will then take your stopwatch—

Station-master. I have no stopwatch!—

I suppose that in the first draft of his book Lord Russell would put a question-mark opposite the passage I have quoted, or perhaps "check this" or something of the kind. I cannot help feeling that he must have written "verified" with a certain amount of relief.

T. S. WATT

BOOKING OFFICE

Three Lives

THE twentieth century is beginning to respond again to enthusiasm. Twenty years ago the recriminatory gusto of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Bevan, the narrative gusto of Mr. Joyce Cary, the reminiscent gusto of Sir Osbert Sitwell and the visual gusto of Mr. Piper would have aroused shudders of prim distaste. The gradual change of view may be seen in the return to critical favour of some of the more exuberant writers of the past, Byron, for example, and Dickens. Renewed interest in Ruskin has many causes, but sympathy with his immense powers of feeling and transmitting enjoyment is the chief. The gradual revelation of facts that his early biographers hid makes it easier to understand and allow for his weaknesses; his strength is obvious to a generation brought up to interpose a close-meshed screen of taste between itself and the paintings and landscapes it is natural for man to love. Of course, Ruskin was as vehement when he was negative as when he was positive: the devoted Ruskinian was headed off, with searing eloquence, from any primitive tendency to indiscriminate adoration. But it is for Ruskin's enthusiasms that we read him to-day.

Mr. Peter Quennell's *John Ruskin* is an elegant and serviceable introduction to his life. Sufficient of the psychological background is sketched in to explain his weaknesses and strength as a critic and his eventual insanity, but not so much that one more Great Man becomes merely a "case." Mr. Quennell's cool prose is admirable for describing his merits, though it does not smash them home to the reader. There is need for a more dithyrambic presentation of Ruskin; but this book probably had to be written first.

Sir Michael Sadler in his youth followed Ruskin and in middle-age Roger Fry. It was Ruskin's social conscience that first inspired him, and he came comparatively late to Art. Throughout life he retained the enthusiasm that had been fashionable when he was a serious young man, devoted to the furtherance of adult education. Mr. Michael Sadleir's biography of his father is written with piety, affection and gentle amusement; unfortunately, it is concerned with everything about Sadler except what mattered—his work as an educationalist and as an art patron. We see him incessantly plunging into new crusades, wearing himself down with letter-writing, committee work and public speeches, dashing about the Continent, entertaining students, over-spending on pictures and receiving a good deal of miscellaneous praise coupled with appointments and honours of secondary importance. Only in the account of his defeat by the machinations of Morant is there much of historical importance. The quotations from his letters establish him as an admirable letter-writer.

Miss Lynda Grier is preparing a study of Sadler's educational work. When the story of his influence on English Higher Education is told it may appear that it was partly through him that Ruskin's social influence became institutionalized and effective. Sadler stump-

ing busily through the streets of Oxford, beaming and bustling through the aesthetes and enervates of the post-war world, was a figure arousing affectionate smiles; but it was largely through Sadler that many of the aesthetes and enervates were enjoying a university education at all.

From the torrent to the ice-crystal, from the enthusiasts to the perfectionist. Mr. Robert Gathorne-Hardy's *Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith* gives a disciple's account of a man whom Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has called "a Saint of the Life of Letters," a man who bent considerable abilities and immense will-power to the production of a few continually polished fragments, each of which had the perfection that endless work and a life-time of reading and phrase-hunting could produce. He was gay, sociable, learned, and devoted, with a cold passion, to literature, literature being primarily the arrangement of words to embalm some aspect of experience. He was also snobbish, fractious, malicious and, finally, insane. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy loved the man, worshipped his art and suffered from his eccentricities. His book, which incidentally reveals its author as a welcome addition to the list of English Characters, shows Pearsall Smith as a curious combination of Nollekens, Alexander Woollcott, George Moore and Sir Edmund Gosse.

Pearsall Smith did a small thing perfectly; but with the perfectionist every blemish is fatal and all success limited; the virtues of the enthusiast can be infinite and his vices swallowed and disinfected in the noble flood.

R. G. G. PRICE



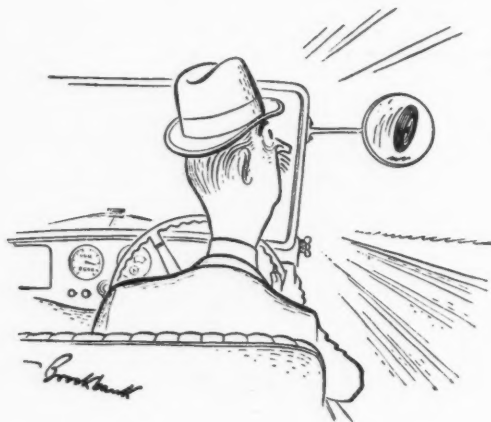
"Unfortunately, the only French I knew was 'où est la plume de ma tante.'"

Cheer and Chatter

Mr. John Fothergill, trying for many years to make an English inn a pleasant place where he can be at home with his family while indulging the extravagance of beautiful new ideas, has found it easier to attract cultured guests by his hospitality than to stabilize a balance-sheet. His taste runs to menus with unusual dishes, gardens with uncommon flowers, loose boxes qualified to hold a menagerie and noble wrought-iron signs. *My Three Inns*, a further instalment of adventures in his curious pursuit, is mainly a bubbling of good stories of very varying quality, with humour indiscriminate in kind but turned as often as not against himself, and employed rather too often to ventilate grievances incidental to his calling. Mr. Fothergill admits that he dearly loves a lord, drops occasionally into something near a confessional vein and surprisingly spices his pages with a kind of pungency rather like a stray snatch of Cobbett. C. C. P.

For Sunday, Too

It is impossible to review *The Saturday Book* without saying that this pleasing annual hotch-potch, lovingly brewed for the ninth successive year by Mr. Leonard Russell, makes a Christmas present likely to bring uncommon gratitude. It is a bedside book of such civilized variety as will stifle all but the final yawn. Mr. Fred Bason, cockney bookseller, barber and tipster, continues the dynamic memoirs that have been one of the chief features of earlier numbers. Nine persons of interest reply with cunning to a searching questionnaire (Miss Hermione Gingold, for instance, admitting that her greatest deficiency is the belief that bills pushed unopened behind a picture need not be paid), a long list of writers led by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy contribute stories, verses and essays on all manner of subjects, and there are delightful drawings, photographs and reproductions in colour. Mr. Russell serves information with the best of jam, humour with a nice sense of satire, and his book is dressed with rare good taste. E. O. D. K.



Pinto Redeemed

Fernão Mendes Pinto, dubbed by Congreve "a liar of the first magnitude," is usually bracketed with Mandeville and Louis de Rougemont. But Mr. Maurice Collis, founding the first life of Pinto on Pinto's great Asiatic Odyssey *The Grand Peregrination*, reveals the supposed braggart chronicler of largely fabulous lands and adventures as something nearer to the Defoe of the *Plague Year*. Expert research gives its *imprimatur* to Pinto's sixteenth century Asia and the extraordinary parts he played in it. He did not furbish up a diary. He never had time to keep one. He produced a great work of art, with such moral implications as you would expect from a merchant-adventurer—a Portuguese Drake—smitten to his knees by the impact of St. Francis Xavier. It was Xavier's Pinto who dedicated himself and his booty to the conversion of Japan; but, finding the foot-slogging ways of missionary martyrdom beyond him, came home and wrote the unique book Mr. Collis has so superbly vindicated. H. P. E.

Hope Deferred

Having set himself a high standard in his first novel Mr. Robert Kee has maintained it in his second. Regarded as a fictional invention *The Impossible Shore* is, maybe, rather a slight affair, but as a record of experience its authenticity is unquestionable. Told in the first person, it relates the adventures of a young English airman liberated by the Russians from a German prison camp. It is a study in accepted disillusionment, of Johnny Clay's unrepining, hardly ironical, realization of the gulf between technical liberation and an imagined liberty. Its episodes, including an emotional experience as scrupulously registered as it is transient, have a fine precision. Mr. Kee is reflective and analytical, but neither reflection nor analysis is allowed to impede the steady flow of his narrative. If he chooses, for the present, to play on an instrument of limited range, he is completely its master. F. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- John Ruskin*. Peter Quennell. (Collins, 15/-)
Michael Ernest Sadler (Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I.). Michael Sadler. (Constable, 20/-)
Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith. Robert Gathorne-Hardy. (Constable, 18/-)
My Three Inns. John Fothergill. (Chatto and Windus, 10/6)
The Saturday Book. Leonard Russell. (Hutchinson, 21/-)
The Grand Peregrination. Being the Life and Adventures of Fernão Mendes Pinto. Maurice Collis. (Faber, 25/-)
The Impossible Shore. Robert Kee. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 9/6).

Other Recommended Books

- A History of Fireworks*. Alan St. H. Brock. (Harrap, 21/-) From the problematical date of their invention ("a case can be made out for the Chinese, the Hindus, the Arabs, the Greeks, and even England") to the rocket devices used in the last war and the display in the peace celebrations. Detailed and lively: many illustrations, eight in colour.
Lucifer With a Book. John Horne Burns. (Secker and Warburg, 12/6) A bitterly satirical and denunciatory profile of the American "private" school: witty, richly imaginative and very readable.



CHRISTMAS BOOKS

For younger children



LET us (since grown-up people must not only pay for books but endure them) begin with the cream—that rare top cream that can be enjoyed by people of all ages—and let us, appropriately, start with cats. *Orlando Keeps a Dog* (Country Life, 10/6), by Kathleen Hale, begins by telling how Orlando (who is, of course, the famous Marmalade cat) takes his dear wife Grace and their three kittens for a walk one fine winter's day. As a result of this exercise, it is decided that the kittens need a pet to interest them. An advertisement is worded—"Pet wanted for three kittens, must be clean, honest and loving." Many creatures apply, among them is a hippo ("lovin' and honest and fond of me barf"), but a black poodle with a "nose like a fat wet prune" gets the position, and all the usual excitement and happiness (described in words and perfect pictures) follow. Then there is *The Cat Who Went to Heaven* (Dent, 7/6), by Elizabeth Coatsworth, decorated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe, and this enchanting tale of a cat who became an artist's companion will be *crème de la crème* to all cat-lovers. Now the artist only pictured animals into whom the spirit of Buddha had entered, but his own little cat, Good Fortune, was not proud like those of her kind who had refused, long ago, to receive Buddha's blessing. She yearned to be painted. She criticized the portraits of other animals, and the one of the buffalo "tickled her sense of humour, for all at once she giggled. Quickly she lifted one little white paw, and broke into a series of polite sneezes." At the end of the book her wish was granted and then "She fell dead, too happy to live another minute," and Buddha rewarded her. The pictures of course are enchanting, as are the ones in Joan Kiddell-Monroe's own book, *In His Little Black Waistcoat in Tibet* (Longmans, Green, 7/6), which tells of the little Giant Panda in the land where "five out of every ten persons is either a holy man and a magician, or a magician without being a holy man which makes life difficult." The same artist has illustrated *Back to the Marble Mountain* (Oxford University Press, 6/-), by Hugh Gardner, which describes the charming and irresponsible adventures of Bear, Goat, Owl and Ostrich. Bear makes up verses, and Goat is kind enough to know that poetry does not have to make sense so long as it rhymes.

Now for two longer story-books (still from the top layer of cream). *Hoojibahs and Humans* (Lutterworth Press, 8/6), by Esther Boumphrey, illustrated by A. H. Watson is full of gay and random nonsense. Hoojibahs are "strange irresponsible creatures whose ambition it is to live like humans." They can fly, but are ashamed of it. They have a giant, a poet, a mayor,

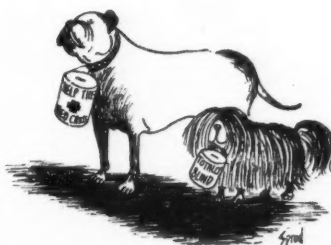
and an Army of one-man strength who could tell the North because—"Well, you see—that side of me was rather colder than the rest of me." Their invasion of the village of Trewoggle gives mad joy from beginning to end. Miss Mary Dunn's *Mossy Green Theatre* (Harrap, 8/6), illustrated by Astrid Walford, is full of gentle magic and wit. The author tells of a little girl who had been to see Cinderella at Drury Lane and who built a mossy theatre among the roots of trees. One day, when she was watching, she saw a thrush go inside. "And over its wing it carried several frilly pink muslin dresses." She followed it as easily as Alice followed the white rabbit, and found that a rehearsal was going on in the theatre. Mention must be made of Gloria La Souris, the temperamental white mouse star. It is a lovely book.

So much for the finest of the cream, but there is plenty of rich milk just below. *Larger Animals of the Countryside* (Pleiades Books, 6/-), written and illustrated by Eileen Mayo, has lovely pictures to delight those who cannot read and good text for those who can. *Make-Believe Stories*, by Elizabeth Goudge (Duckworth, 8/6), about Channel Island children, are pleasant and readable, though a bit picturesque. *Badger's Moon* (Falcon Press, 6/-), by Elleston Trevor, deserves the popularity it is bound to have.

B. E. BOWER

"Annuals" and Old Favourites

The Children's Wonder Book in Colour (Odhams, 10/6) and *The Children's Own Wonder Book* (Odhams, 8/6) are both packed with excellent material by first-class authors. The former is beautifully illustrated. No introduction is needed to *Worzel Gummidge Takes a Holiday* (Hollis and Carter, 7/6), by Barbara Euphan Todd, a further instalment of adventures of the scarecrow familiar to every listener to the B.B.C.'s Children's Hour. *Worzel Gummidge Again* and *Worzel Gummidge and Saucy Nancy* are also available, as reprints, in the Puffin Story Book series (1/6 each) and from Hollis and Carter (6/- each). Other welcome reprints are the *Green* and *Blue Fairy Books* of Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green, 10/6 each).



WORDS ON WASHING

"**W**OULD you say these knees were clean?" asked my friend, taking one of my apples.

"For the late afternoon, yes."

"They should be," he went on bitterly. "They've been washed twice since dinner, and I have a feeling they'll have to be washed again before bedtime. It's practically impossible nowadays to comply with the parental orders on cleanliness and still have a little time left over to give to one's own affairs."

I agreed. I found a loose thread in my jersey, and pulled it thoughtfully.

"Would you believe me," he went on, "if I told you that last night I was requested pretty abruptly no fewer than three times to remove from my neck a tidemark which, no matter what I did (short of actually removing my collar), moved higher with each successive washing. All this, mind you, not in decent privacy but in front of my young sister who, although she can't speak as yet, can express her meaning well enough by other methods."

"I'd be the first to admit that washing in moderation is necessary enough. I don't mind a hot bath with my mother gently sponging my back occasionally. With a little imagination our bath rather resembles the engine-room of a submarine. But—and your own experiences will be similar—a bath really

is a deceit to drug you into a sense of false security."

"You mean, of course, the Ordeal by Twisted End of Towel?"

"I do indeed. My ears are delicate things—indeed, I can recall, not so long ago, my mother telling my father that they—the ears—were growing the wrong way, and did he think they should be stuck to the sides of my head with sticking plaster. What my father said doesn't matter. What is important is that these organs should not have to be submitted to a mass of towel being twisted into them. And as for hair washing . . . ! Sometimes I feel that my parents have, so to speak, water on the brain."

My friend fired an imaginary Sten gun at some passing ducks.

"The parental memory is short. My father, who, I'm inclined to think, is rather under the influence of my mother in the matter, was almost sympathetic when, at a time when my nerves were jangling, I challenged him to turn up his trousers and show me if his knees were indeed clean. Yet again, I notice that after a particularly violent argument on cleanliness, his bedtime story descends to naked propaganda—such as the little boy who never washed, and out of whose ears there sprang an early yield of fair-sized potatoes."

"I am one of those whose concentration is greatly aided by a little

judicious thumb-sucking. Imagine me, then, having to wash my hands every time I want to think."

"And it's the inconsistency of parents, too, that is so trying. You've never seen your mother suddenly seize your father's head, twist it round, and peer fixedly into one of his ears, have you? No, nor have I."

We ate the last of my apples and threw the cores at a very small boy passing on a scooter.

"Anyhow," my friend decided as he stood up, "I defy any parent to go about the floor on his or her hands and knees all day and not pick up a speck or two of surface dust. Ah, well! How much more pleasant would be the atmosphere in the home if one's word were unquestioningly accepted—if one had only to say: 'By the way, I washed myself thoroughly to-night,' to be completely believed, without the 'What-about-above-your-elbows' and 'Look-at-your-finger-nails' which so sadden the sipping of the milk, and make the tucking-in parent rather more off-hand than should be necessary."

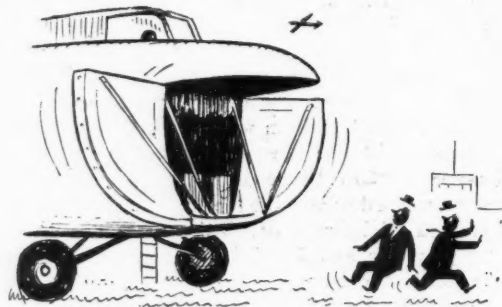
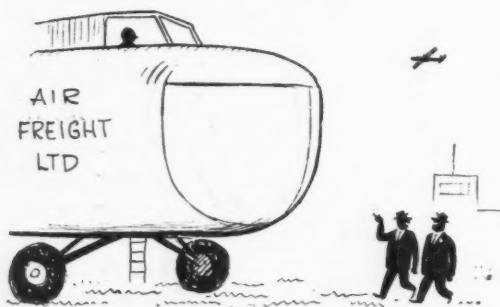
§ §

All My Own Work

COLLATING is one of the easiest jobs;

Stitching's a stage I don't mind;
The end-papers, too, have a charm
of their own,

But the covers are rather a bind.



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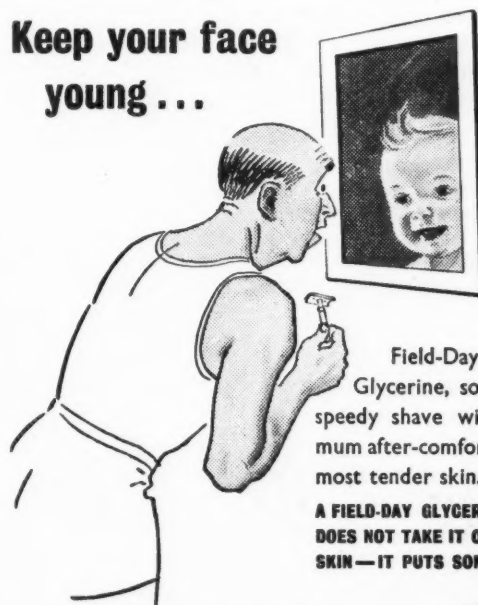
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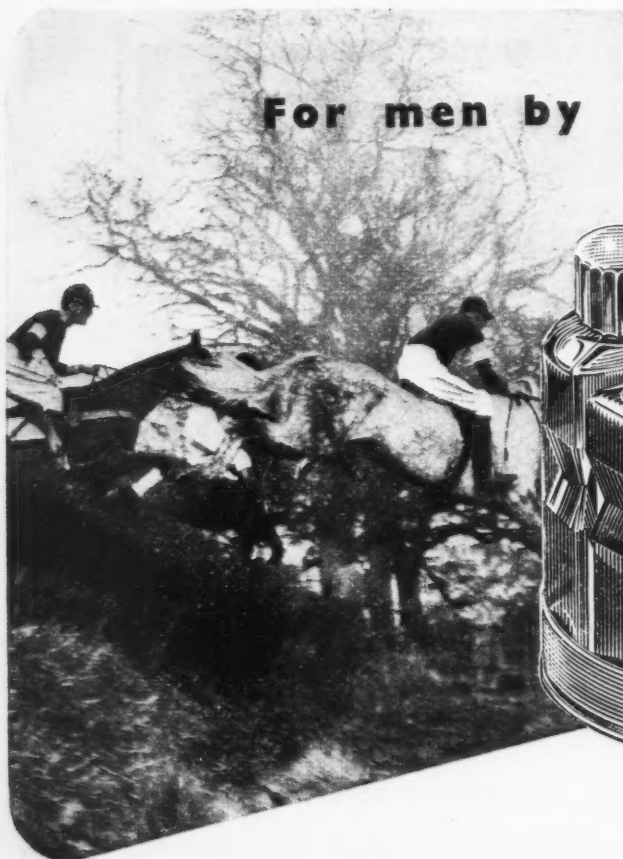
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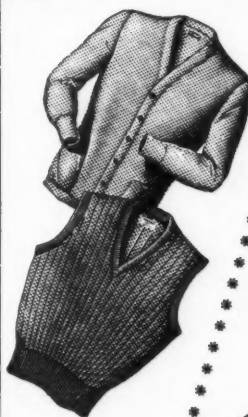
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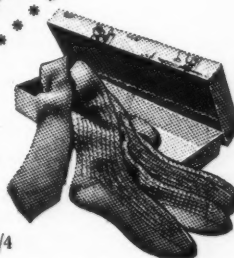
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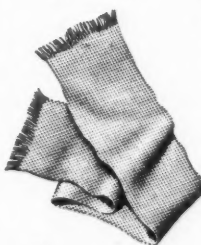
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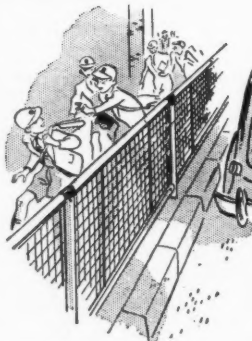
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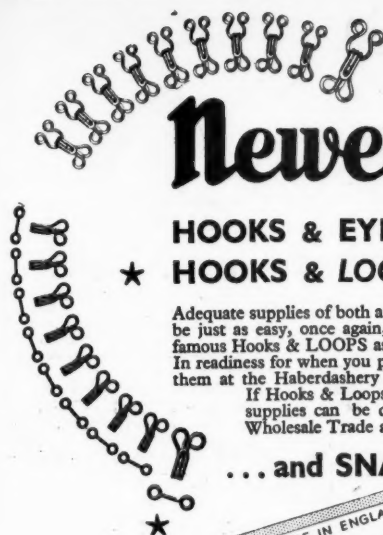
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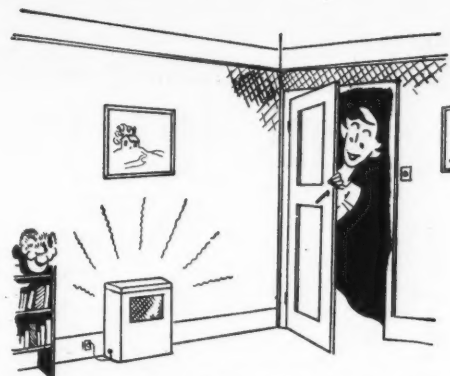
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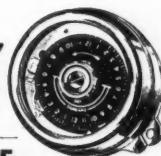


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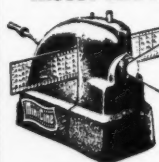
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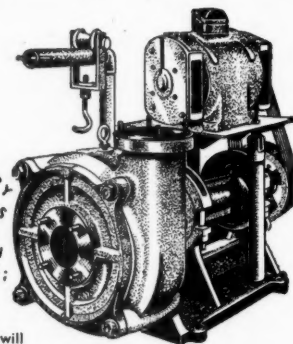
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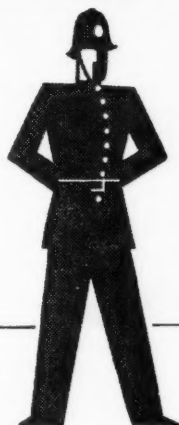
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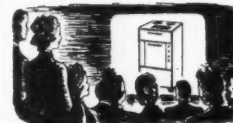
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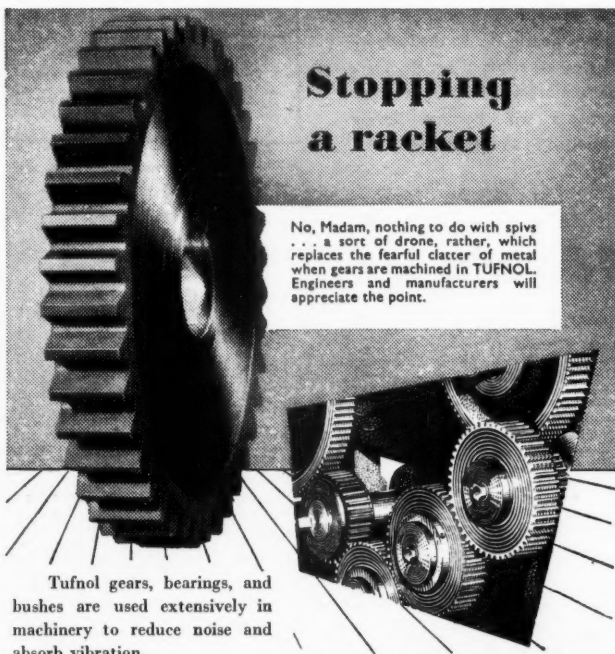
He had
to hide his invention
from men's anger

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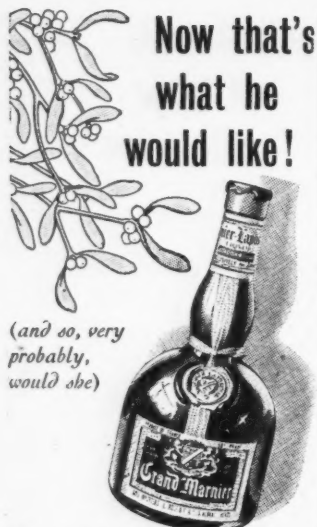
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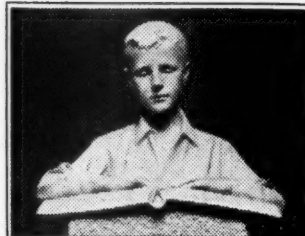


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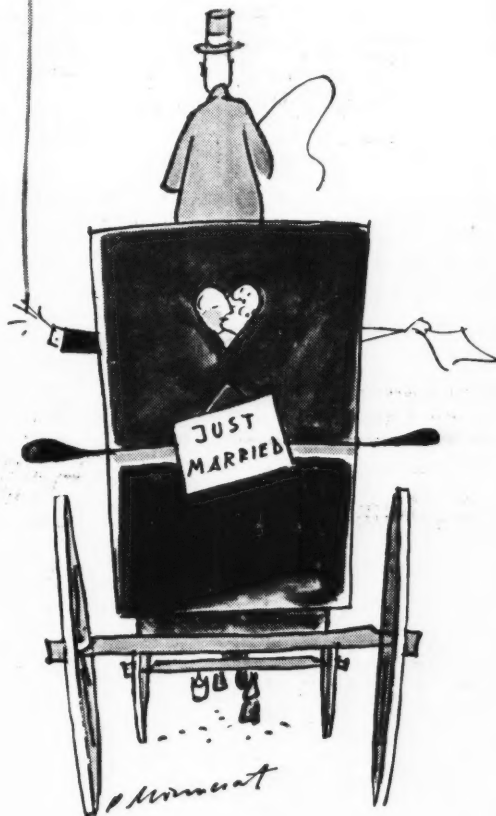
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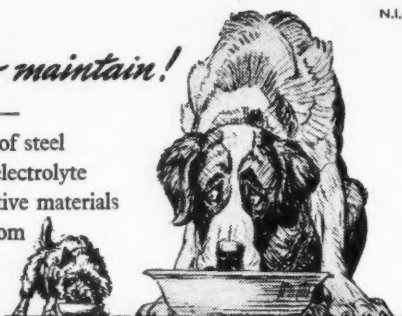
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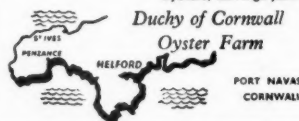
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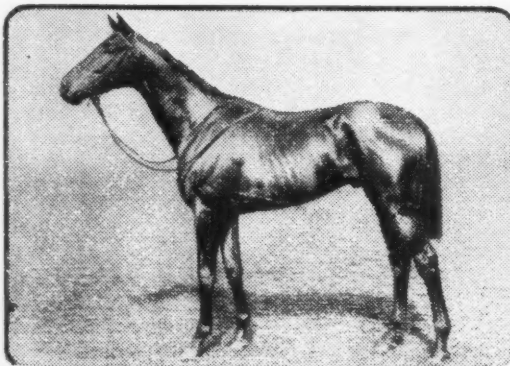


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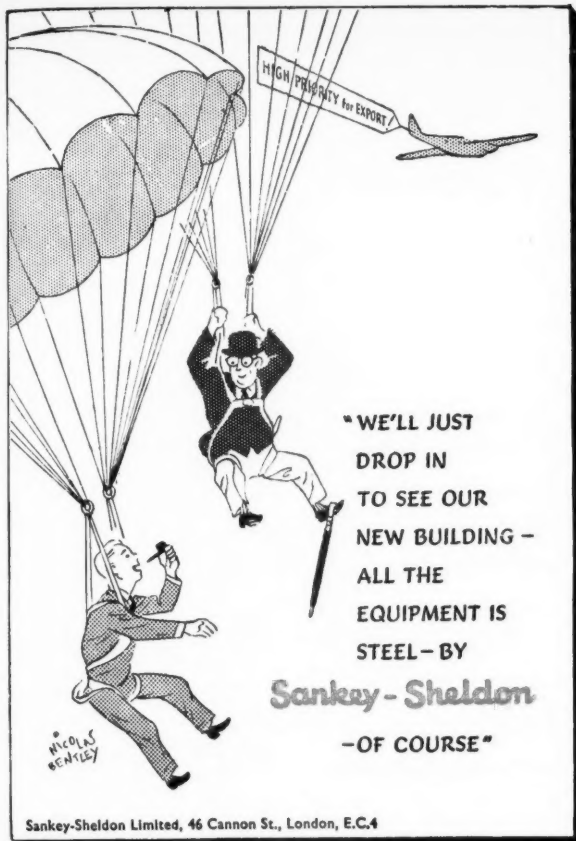
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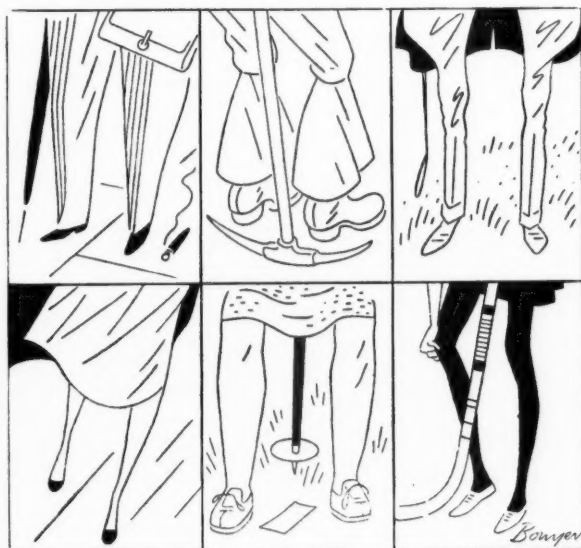
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